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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of Admiral of the Fleet Sir William Parker, Bart., G.O.B. From 1781 to 1866. By Vice-Admiral Augustus Phillimore. Vol. II. (Harrison.)

THE second instalment of this work, appearing, as it does, thirteen years after the death of the last of Nelson's captains, whose memory it will help to perpetuate, might be regarded as still more out of date than its predecessor if the book dealt only, or even chiefly, with private matters. But the details of our country's story, and more especially the achievements of those great men who have made it glorious, can never become obsolete. So the interest of this biography will not be extinguished by the lapse of time; and this second part may claim even more vitality than the first possessed, not only because the affairs of Spain and Portugal and China are of greater importance to us than those of emancipated Greece, but also in proportion to the more commanding position which Sir William Parker had attained.

All that is needed the biographer gives us. But a sense of the solid and lasting nature of his work has led Vice-Admiral Phillimore to abstain from introducing any anecdotes, an abundance of which must have been at his service. This is, perhaps, to be regretted. For comparatively trivial incidents sometimes help to afford a more complete conception of the man to whose life they belong than can be obtained when they are suppressed. The literary critic, happier in this respect than his artistic brother, is permitted to supply, in some degree, what is required, and to put a finishing touch to the picture under examination, although he could not have coloured it with equal skill or even sketched the outline. So here is a story which used to be told occasionally at that hospitable home in Staffordshire, the native county of the Parkers, the entrance to which house is flanked by the two enormous stone balls which were fired at Sir John Duckworth from the batteries on the Dardanelles. After Sir William Parker had led his fleet up the Yang-Tse-Kiang, *without losing so much as a single boat*, and was dictating peace under the walls of Nanking, Elepoo acted as the First Commissioner on the part of the Chinese. This excellent old man, to whose place, vacated by death, Keying succeeded in a few weeks, conceived a great admiration for the worth of his country's conqueror, as, indeed, was the case with all who had any worth in themselves. He showed it, however, in a mode which was very embarrassing, and which would have had bad results in the

case of anyone less ready to sacrifice himself at a moment's notice in small things as in great. For in front of Elepoo, at a Chinese banquet given in honour of the naval commander-in-chief, was placed a dish of fat bacon. From this the mandarin conveyed a portion to his own plate, and thence to his mouth, omitting, with apparent inhospitality, to help his guest, who was, it must be confessed, glad to be excused. Sir William watched the course of the chopsticks, and thus had an opportunity of observing the black tusks of the moribund diplomatist. With feelings which may be imagined, the admiral then turned his head away; of this movement the Chinaman dexterously took advantage, and, anxious to pay the highest mark of respect, he transferred the semi-masticated mouthful from his own jaws to those of his astonished guest. The ordeal was severe, but, for the sake of Elepoo, whom he liked, and still more for the sake of the peace which might have been compromised by any exhibition of disgust, the fastidious Englishman (for, like all Whigs of good family, he was fastidious) swallowed the nauseous compliment.

Nor was this the only trial unfitted to appear in despatches which befell Sir William Parker in the Chinese War. At the head of the soldiers was Sir Hugh Gough, whom the naval commander-in-chief describes as an energetic, chivalrous, and intrepid chief. These epithets were admirably chosen, and in the case of a subaltern they would have constituted the highest recommendation. But to plan a campaign, or even to direct a single battle, other qualities are required, and in this case these were conspicuously absent. In truth, as afterwards in India, so then in China, the strategy of the irrepressible Irishman consisted in advancing personally at double-quick, with a compendious order to "swape the ruffians from the face of the airth." This infectious impetuosity the naval commander had to restrain, which, as it was really no business of his to interfere, became a very delicate operation in the face of the enemy.

On the Tagus, too (to go back in point of time), Sir William found himself obliged to moderate the ardour of his coadjutor, Lord William Russell, who was minister plenipotentiary; for this hereditary lover of constitutional government, knowing that the English Cabinet was in favour of Donha Maria if not of Dom Pedro, and knowing, too, that Sir William, when among friends whom he trusted, called Miguel Dom Moloch, could not understand the strict neutrality which the fleet maintained. Nor could the Portuguese; and, as the admiral merely shrugged his shoulders when besieged on all sides—a habit that he never lost—he got the name of Coreunda, or Hunchback. The blame, however, if there was any, belonged to the Cabinet at home, who, affecting to be on good terms with Miguel—that is, with the *de facto* Government of Portugal—winked approvingly at those Brazilian invaders who, opposed, as they were, by the national army and by three-fourths of the nation, had no chance of securing that success which they ultimately achieved except through the disgust which the more frank bigotry and ferocity of their opponents was likely to inspire and the gallantry of those filibusters who did their

best to compromise their old comrade and secret well-wisher, the English admiral. But neither Sartorius nor Napier succeeded in their attempts, and Sir William thoroughly deserved the praises which were lavished upon him by Sir James Graham. Of these commendations, however, repeated so frequently, the reader becomes a little weary; and it may be remarked that, if some of the letters had been suppressed, if many had been curtailed, and if the long list of Lisbon nobodies who signed an address had been omitted, the necessity for a third volume might have been avoided. It is true, indeed, that when such names as Minto, Holland, Auckland, Aberdeen, Graham, Palmerston, Peel, &c., appear at the foot of a document, the temptation to print it in full is great; but this is just one of those temptations which a biographer has to resist. Of Sir William's own letters there is not one too many; for although a school inspector might object to such a phrase as "arrest not endangered" in the sense of being in no danger of an arrest, or "in an opportunity," their style is, on the whole, admirable. This is especially true in reference to the correspondence with, and about, Sir Henry Pottinger. This major-general in India was plenipotentiary in China, and, construing this title literally, he considered himself qualified to have the Union Jack hoisted at the maintop-gallant masts-heads of ships saluting him with nineteen guns, as if he had been an admiral of the fleet or the Lord High Admiral. On one occasion, also, he flew this flag with pendant struck, in the presence of the two Admirals Parker and Cochrane. This might have been borne with a smile at the assumption; but when he gave authority to the consuls and even vice-consuls to cause the captains of men-of-war to provide on their ships all the conveniences for flogging such offenders as these Pottinger proconsuls had condemned, the matter became grave. Indeed, the case against such claims was so good that most men would have spoiled it by a quarrel with the plenipotentiary in which the country must have suffered. But Sir William never lost his temper or his judgment, and the reader of this volume will learn precisely how he should speak, and write, and act under similar provocations, which were offered in perfect good faith. The most amusing part of the second volume relates to Sir Charles Napier, the admiral; and the picture which Lord William Russell draws of this eccentric sailor on the horse and in the boots belonging to a defeated general officer, the Governor of Cominha, which place he had taken by assault, was, no doubt, worth the £1,000 at which the noble lord valued it. However, in the absence of an introduction from Admiral Phillimore, few people would have recognised Sir Charles in this book. For, first, he is Carlos de Ponza! then Vicconde de Cabo San Vicente!! and, lastly, Conde de Cabo San Vicente!!! This last title must have sounded strangely in the ears of Sir William, who was the nephew and *protégé* of the first and last Earl of St. Vincent, John Jarvis.

A photograph of Sir William is still withheld, reserved, let us hope, for the concluding volume, to which period of his life it belongs. And Admiral Phillimore may rest assured

that one glance at those frank, and manly, and kindly features on which the sunshine at Messrs. Mayall's studio fell so favourably will do more towards justifying all the praises which he showers on his old commander than the evidence which is produced at p. 617. This, however, is interesting, as it shows that Sir W. Parker was neither, as some have supposed, a martinet himself nor a favourer of undue strictness in others. The following extract, from p. 123, proves the first of these points still more clearly:—

"The admiral made a signal to the *R*—that the furling of her sails was to be mended; on which her captain sent a lieutenant on board to enquire why this signal had been made. The admiral saw the lieutenant, and desired him to tell his captain that he made the signal because the ship's sails were badly furling. On the lieutenant returning to his ship with this message, Captain — made a signal *Of a different opinion*. On this the admiral made the signal for him to come on board. Captain —, however, sent his commander to say he was unwell, but would come when he was better. The admiral sent back a message by the commander expressive of his astonishment that such an improper signal should have been made. A few hours after this Captain — came on board, and was received on the quarter-deck by the admiral, who told him distinctly and publicly that, unless he received from him a written apology, the matter would be reported to the Lords of the Admiralty."

The captain, it seems, demurred at first, but the apology was made, and most people will think that the offender got off very easily. There is one branch of the public service in which the signal "*Of a different opinion*" has been common lately, and in these cases there seem to be no means capable of enforcing any expression of regret. But such insubordination would be impossible among the officers of the Royal Navy now. And the superior tone which pervades her Majesty's ships is due in a large measure, not only to Sir William Parker himself, but also to the followers whose characters he formed, among whom the author of this biography is one of the most distinguished.

The misprints are neither numerous nor important; but those who recollect how ready Vice-Admiral Phillimore was to act as the interpreter of his chief when cruising in the Mediterranean, and how well he performed this and every other duty, will be surprised to see that "*de monera alguna*" stands in a note and is not corrected in the *errata*. This oversight, however, is venial, and to mark it at all shows perhaps that there is very little to be said against the book, which will prove agreeable reading to all who prefer facts to fiction, and will be invaluable to that gallant profession which has done and is doing more for England than the Rhine Watch ever did for Deutschland.

R. W. ESSINGTON.

PERSIAN POETRY.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (Fourth Edition); and the Salámán and Absál of Jámí rendered into English Verse. (Quaritch.)

The fourth edition of the *Rubáiyát*, or quatrains of the "Astronomer-Poet of Persia," rendered into English by Mr. Fitzgerald,

shows how attractive the expression of Oriental thought may be made to home readers, even when conveyed in the language with which they are most familiar. Nor does our own country stand alone in acknowledging the charm of this successful attempt to achieve a difficult end. The work has already become popularised in the United States; and a counterpart of the third London edition, republished as a first American edition last year in Boston, is to be found duly registered in the catalogues of the British Museum. When we consider the lyrical and imaginative power evinced by the same translator in illustrating the genius of Greek tragedy for the benefit of his countrymen, we need feel no surprise that, once led to the contemplation of Persian poetic lore, he should be quite as much at home with Umar the Nishabúrí as with Aeschylus the Athenian. Measured, however, by the standard of "translation" (a word here used in the merest conventional sense), the reputation of neither the little-known Persian nor popular English text becomes enhanced by the variations played upon the former. A poet, whose diction can be said to warrant so many interpretations as are observed in the several editions of Umar Kháiyám published by Mr. Quaritch, must indeed be a mystic of mystics: otherwise, his expounder lays himself open to the charge of more than once misapprehending that poet's meaning. Readers would have reasonable excuse for entertaining suspicion in either sense. Let us take, for instance, the first stanza, according to the edition of 1859:—

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight;
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."

In the present edition the opening stanza is thus expressed:—

"Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

Here we have the Morning—a sort of male Aurora, or Phoebus distinct from Apollo—throwing stones; and the Sun, a hunter, armed with the *kamand*, a noose so commonly used by the older Persian heroes. This double figure is then superseded by that of the Sun only, a quasi-warrior, discharging his arrows. It is probable that there are Persian MSS. to justify both versions; yet, among the 464 *rubáiyát* of M. Nicolas—the original text of which, with a respectable French rendering, was published in Paris in 1867—there is not a single tetrastich which could be regarded as identical with one or the other.

But in this case we must not measure by the standard of "translation" at all. We must look at the matter as a trial of skill between two poets, one of whom, if he may claim the merit of supplying the theme for competition, has the advantage on his side of keeping to his own particular ground of contemplation. The Persian sounds the guiding note; the Englishman responds; and each pursues the tenor of his way. There is no close following or servile imitation. Umar Kháiyám, from the standpoint of his country-

men, may win the prize. Mr. Fitzgerald will, in like manner, we apprehend, receive the crown at the hands of his English readers.

Assuredly, if it be allowable to translators to modify or adapt original texts to the taste or comprehension of those for whom they cater, the licence should have special effect when we are investing the poet dreamers and philosophers of Persia with a European garb. Not only does the mysticism of the original expression of ideas admit of double meanings, but it often becomes a question as to which is the original expression, or which the nearest to the original. Seldom indeed do two MSS. agree; and the discrepancy is such that it cannot be paralleled by analogous instances in European literature, where the use of printing ensures uniformity, at least for the number of copies constituting one edition. In respect of Umar Kháiyám, we read in the preface of the volume under notice:—

"The MSS. of his poems, mutilated beyond the average casualties of Oriental transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reached Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of arms and science. There is no copy at the India House; none at the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. We know but of one in England—No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz A.D. 1460. This contains but 158 *rubáiyát*. One in the Asiatic Society's library at Calcutta (of which we have a copy) contains—and yet incomplete—516, though swelled to that by all kinds of repetition and corruption. So Van Hammer speaks of his copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number. The scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their work under a sort of protest; each beginning with a tetrastich (whether genuine or not) taken out of its alphabetical order; the Oxford with one of apology; the Calcutta with one of expostulation, supposed (says a notice prefixed to the MS.) to have arisen from a dream in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate."

A foot-note belonging to this extract mentions the copy of a very rare edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836, consisting of "438 tetrastichs, with an appendix containing fifty-four others not contained in some MSS." The Paris edition of 1867, to which allusion has already been made, is now before us, and so substantially different is this—whether considered in its Persian text or French translation—from the last English version, that the two might almost be classified as separate poems. Mr. Fitzgerald's little book we understand to be a selection of 101 out of the 158 tetrastichs in the Bodleian MS., transcribed from that record for the adapter.

A cursory collation of the present republication with the translation by M. Nicolas has enabled us to discover no more than six or seven stanzas in the former which palpably, not literally, correspond with a similar number comprised in the latter, or in which the main idea may be identified. But, as will be seen, the order of these quatrains has been inverted, and this process proves that regard has not been had to their place in a text which, in the original, is regulated, with a certain precision, by alphabetical arrangement. The English tetrastich No. IV. may thus be coupled with the French No. 186; VIII. with 105; XVII. and XVIII. with 67 and 69; XXI. with 269; and XLV. and XLVI.

with 80 and 137. Two others, XXXVII. and XXXIX., can barely be included as corresponding with 243 and 247, though there is something of affinity to be traced in them. The closest accordance with any of the Paris-printed *rubāyāt* is shown in a foot-note relating to the Sassanian King, Bahram Gūr.* Mr. Fitzgerald thus renders the quatrain, explaining that Mr. Binning had found it (in Persian, we presume) "among several of Háfiz' and others inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis:—"

"The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And 'Coo, coo, coo,' she cried; and 'Coo, coo, coo.'"

In the original the last line gains much force by the double meaning of "coo" (*kou-kú*), which word, as a diminutive of *kujà*, is literally "where?" M. Nicolas gives an example of its application in that sense in a quatrain which Mr. Fitzgerald has either missed or discarded. Though comparatively vulgar, it is essentially Persian, and may be roughly rendered as follows:—

"A bird I saw upon the walls of Tous,
Seated before the skull of Kái Káous;
And thus it shriek'd: 'Where is thy glitter now?
Thy glory whither fled—and what its use?'"

Many readers of the ACADEMY will already have become acquainted with the biography, such as it is, of Umar Kháiyám, a poet whose power must not be judged by his local popularity. To those for whom the story is strange, the preface to the small, unpretending volume just published will supply interesting particulars. Compared with Háfiz and Saadi, this author is little read, and less understood, in his own country; but, whatever the tendency of his doctrine, and the danger to be apprehended from its more general exposition, there are scattered broadcast throughout his often impassioned lines sound and valuable lessons on the vanity of earthly things, and human insufficiency in the battle and race of life. Had the tent-maker—for his *nom de plume*, "Kháiyám," is the name of his trade—but lived amid other associations than fell to his lot eight centuries ago, he might have aided in imparting to his fellow-men a more satisfactory and comforting code of morality than that now shadowed forth from his imaginative and plaintively-mocking pages.

We have dwelt so long upon the first half of our miniature-book that little space remains to us for noticing the second, which, whether a reproduction or a first publication, is full of merit. It contains a charming specimen, in an English dress, of the style of the great Súfi doctor and poet, Nurud-din Abdur-Rahmán, famous in Persia under the name of Jámi, author of *Yúsf and Zulaikha*. This much-esteemed writer flourished more than three centuries after Umar Kháiyám, and is said to have died at Herat in 1492. Like Umar, he was a native of Persian Khurasan, having been born somewhat west of the present Afghan frontier, or at the more

easterly of the two towns to which is prefixed the word "Túrbat"—signifying a place of sepulture. The main story is rendered by the English adapter in graceful blank verse, with occasional rhyme; but here and there are those pleasant interpolations of varied metre, as common to Persian popular texts as are the parenthetical songs and singing to the lighter stock pieces of the French stage.

F. J. GOLDSMID.

The Great Fur Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By H. M. Robinson. Illustrated by Charles Gasche. (Sampson Low & Co.)

AMONG the books which still await the coming man, is a full, accurate, and authoritative history of the great fur company. Those to whom Charles the Second granted territories which in time comprised more than three-fourths of what now constitutes the Dominion of Canada, and who, without any authority whatever, extended their trading posts over a considerable part of the Western United States, were no ordinary company of huxters. The leaders in the great corporation, from its "promoter"—"our right trusty and well-beloved Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine"—down to the most obscure factor, were men of courage, energy, and mark. For more than two hundred years they governed an immense empire, peopled with savage tribes, and yet without any aid from the home authorities, without even the assistance of a single soldier, punished evil-doers, and kept the peace between themselves and their wild neighbours. They saw the rise of many a monopoly, and they lived to witness the fall of the last of them. When they first started into life the lordly company of East India merchants were but humble traders, bending low at the behest of the Nawab of Bengal; but they existed through all its glories, and, though small people compared with the magnates of Leadenhall Street, had tenacity enough to see their magnificence and their might fade away into nothingness. They saw half of the English colonies in North America come into existence, and, from being "His Majesty's Plantations," attain the dignity of commonwealths and independent States. But still they remained the faithful few amid the many faithless children of England. In two hundred years they had numerous vicissitudes, commercial and political. They held the exclusive monopoly of the trade and virtually of the government of all "Rupert's Land;" yet it is very doubtful whether their charter could have borne the fierce light of a law court. With enemies within and enemies without, the "Honourable Company of Merchant Adventurers trading unto Hudson's Bay" ran the gauntlet of more than one parliamentary committee; yet they survived all such constitutional fires, and finally expired, the last of the great English monopolies, in tolerable odour, and certainly not before exacting from the young Dominion as good a bargain as any they had ever made since the first of their governors bribed the Merry Monarch to grant him what strictly it was not in the King's prerogative to make over to any private individuals—corporate or otherwise. A company with

such a career cannot but have a history worth writing—for its history is the tale of the settlement of a great portion of North America, and has links connecting it with that of the War of Independence in the colonies now constituting the United States. For such a history the materials, printed or manuscript, are over-abounding. In the Hudson's Bay House is a room full of journals, reports, ledgers, and bales of letters. In every trading post from York Factory to Fort Simpson exist journals kept by those indefatigable exiles, the company's officers, who, to avoid dying of *ennui*, have for two centuries committed to writing their business transactions, the state of the weather, and even the poetical burthen of their souls. Yet, though "sketches" of the company's history are abundant, no man has yet essayed the task. There is no necessity for any secrecy now, for, as the conservators of the ancient traditions have long ago "sold out" to new men, to expose the sacred arcana of "the Company's" transactions can entail no untoward consequences. Moreover, their ancient nefarious deeds have long ago ceased to have any power to rise up in judgment against them, and, of course, cannot now, as they might have done even twenty years ago, endanger their monopoly. And it may be added that the publication of the worst actual misdeeds of the company would amount almost to a rehabilitation of it in the eyes of those who have been taught to consider the fur traders as capable of untold iniquity. On the other hand, if the enthusiasm of the historian has not been equal to writing a laboured chronicle of the operations of these hard-headed, weather-beaten Scots, they have been peculiarly fortunate in the travellers who have visited them in their Northern homes. They have had critics—sometimes from among their own household—fierce, unrelenting, bitter, now and then unjust; but, on the other hand, a score of pleasant writers have been so charmed with the lot of the fur traders that they have described their daily life in terms so romantic that, until the trappers and traders saw themselves in print, they can have had no idea what picturesque individuals they were.

Among these fair-weather historians of the social aspects of "the Company," Mr. Robinson must rank high. Evidently an American, who holds some quasi-consular post on Lake Winnipeg, he seems intimately acquainted with the fur traders and their operations; and, though he has no knowledge of the western side of the Rocky Mountains, he tells, with fair accuracy and fullness, what he saw and learned. The book has appeared, for the most part, in various American magazines and newspapers, and, from the continual repetition of favourite phrases, bears the aspect of having been put together from these fragmentary articles without a very careful re-editing on the writer's part. The eccentric spelling of certain words also betrays the place of its mechanical "composition." Dog-sledging, canoe life, the half-breed voyageur, and "the Company" and its officers, their life and commercial ways, are all graphically and even minutely limned. Then we find several chapters devoted to the Great Fall Hunts of

* There can be no mistake that reference is here made to the following passage from M. Nicolas:—"Ce château qui par sa splendeur rivalisait avec les cioux, ce château où les souverains se succédaient à l'envi, nous avons vu une tourterelle s'y poser et sur ses créneaux en ruine crier:—'Kou kou, kou lkou.'"

Buffalo, the Fraternity of Medicine-men—in whose “powers” the author implicitly believes—the Blackfeet Indians, Winter Travel, the Fur Hunter, the Winter Camp, the Frost, Half-bred Balls, and the Wood-Indian “Trade.” All of these have been described a score of times before, and Mr. Robinson tells us little if anything new about them. At the same time, we are not aware of any previous writer who has told the tale better and with greater detail, or whose work forms more pleasing and instructive reading. From the first page to the last the volume is an interesting one, and though some unpleasant truths are narrated there is not a paragraph which a child could not con, or, we may add, one which a child of any growth would not be charmed to peruse more than once. The style is simple, and without any of that eternal grinning through a literary horse-collar which some tourists affect, though the pages are spiced with much dry and often piquant humour of the characteristic Transatlantic type. Here and there there is a little “padding” from other authors, which, as adding completeness to the writer’s notes, we do not object to, as in most cases the source of his inspiration is acknowledged. We must, however, gently remind Mr. Robinson that a good deal of what appears in chapter xv.—e.g., pp. 329 and 330—does not come under that respectable category. Doubtless the passages have been “lifted” inadvertently, but, nevertheless, the reviewer may note that they are from a work written by himself, which, as it is not yet completed, he hardly considers the common property of any compiler. Lord Southesk is also subjected to a similar appropriation, but, as his book gets a general acknowledgment in Mr. Robinson’s preface, perhaps the offence in the two cases is not equally flagrant. However, this is simply a private matter, and in no way detracts, so far as the reader is concerned, from the value of a most meritorious work, which would have been still more meritorious had it possessed an index. Some of the cuts are good, but the majority are at once so badly drawn and engraved as not to contribute either to the beauty or the elucidation of the text.

ROBERT BROWN.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Swiss Coins in the South Kensington Museum. By Reginald Stuart Poole, Keeper of Coins and Medals, British Museum. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE specifically numismatic portion of Mr. Stuart Poole’s work, we need hardly say, leaves nothing to be desired; but wherever numismatics touches the modern history and politics of Switzerland, he is very far indeed from being a safe guide. If his catalogue had been published thirty years ago, it would have been perfect at all points; but it now errs conspicuously in many places, evidently because the author has studied the history and constitution of the Cantons and the Federation from books which describe a state of things abolished a generation ago. The arrangement of the work is admirable—indeed, it could not be better. After an excellent general Introduction, in which Mr.

Poole divides the Swiss coinage into six classes, corresponding with six historical periods, he follows the alphabetic order of the coins according to their place of coinage—canton, city, bishopric, or lordship. He then treats of the modern uniform Swiss coinage, which, with so much else that has since subserved to the unification of Switzerland, began with the arbitrary institution of the Helvetic Republic by the French conquerors in 1798. He completes his historical sequence with an account of the Bundesverfassung of 1848, so far as it affected Swiss coinage. He closes with an explanatory section on Swiss medals and with a series of valuable indexes. Mr. Poole seems to be quite ignorant of the fact that the new Federal Constitution of 1848 utterly abolished the state of things which in his summary introduction to cantonal coinage he again and again describes as still existing. That Constitution changed the old “Staaten-Bund” into a “Bundes-Staat;” and Mr. Poole would have been supplied with a more correct guide for the compilation of his summaries upon the particular cantons and upon the Swiss Confederation if, instead of relying upon old authorities, he had procured some such modern handbook as the *Schweizerische Bundeskalender* for the current year. For want of exact enquiry into the present political condition of Switzerland he has made a number of glaring mistakes. Thus, in his section on Bern, he writes: “It is one of the capitals of the Confederation, the Federal Diet sitting there and at Zürich and Luzern by turns.” In his section on Luzern the same amazing error is repeated, though it does not occur in his sections on Zürich. Knowing so much as he does about the changes which were made in the Federal Constitution in 1848, he ought to know that the twenty-two “united *Völkerschaften*” and “sovereign cantons” then and there abolished “every privilege of place.” The “Bundesstadt,” or capital of the League, is now fixed at Bern. That Mr. Poole has depended almost entirely upon German books is plain from the names which he gives to Swiss places and persons; and that these books are none of the newest is plain from certain antique redundancies in his German spelling. We certainly have the names of the German cantons correctly spelt—a thing to be thankful for, as it spares us the torment of reading of “Argovie,” “Bâle,” “Basle,” “Lucerne,” “Coire,” “Grisons,” or “Soleure;” but the German nomenclature is extended by Mr. Poole even to lands and places which are not German, which are only half-German, or are scarcely known among us by their German names. Thus we find “Sitten” in place of Sion, and “Greierz” (Greyerz) in place of Gruyère, and even “Tessin” in place of the completely Italian Ticino, Waadt and Wallis in place of Vaud and Valais. Hence we are surprised when we find Geneva instead of the “Genf,” and Neuchâtel instead of the “Neuenburg,” which Mr. Poole must have found in his guides.

Excellent as Mr. Poole’s six elaborate indexes are, they would have been far more useful if they had been subjected to revision by an expert in Swiss history. It is quite hyper-papal to describe that popular hero, “Der arme Bruder Klaus von Flüe,” or “Der

selige Bruder Klaus,” as “St. Nicholas von Flüe.” Klaus is undoubtedly the patron-saint of Unterwalden, and he remains so in spite of the repeated failure of the Swiss, at various times from 1556 until our own century, to procure his canonisation at Rome; not only were the expenses of the process far too heavy for the slender means of the poor little republic, but the sturdy old married man and political democrat, who was a saint and patriot in Bullinger’s estimation, was not the kind of character whom any Pope from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century would have been eager to place among the saints. Mr. Poole says in his text that “St. Nicholas von Flüe” was canonised by Clement IX. in 1669. He was beatified, which was only a preparatory step, and the process is not likely to be completed. If Mr. Poole had paid more strict attention to the seventeen coins and medals with the image of Niklaus von der Flüe he would have noticed that in every case he is styled in the inscription “B,” or “Beatus,” and not “S,” or “Sanctus.” It is quite true that in the earlier ages of the Church the canonisation of a saint was a purely democratic act, and in the earlier ages of every National Church a purely national act. Niklaus is not only the cantonal “Patronus Subsylvaniae” by this kind of title, but has been claimed since the eighteenth century as a “Patronus Helvetiae Catholicae,” a patron-saint of all Catholics in the Swiss League. Indeed, the addition of two cantons to the League, Freiburg and Solothurn, was due to the patriotic eloquence of the old hermit at the Diet of Stans. A modern citizen of Graubünden would be not a little vexed to be informed that the animal on the venerated shield of his canton is a “wild goat.” The “steinbock” deserves either to be untranslated or to receive a more dignified and explicit name. The steinbock, as a symbol of force and audacity, was first introduced into the arms of the see of Chur by one of its warrior-bishops; it was afterwards adopted into the *Wappen* of the Gotteshausbund, and was ultimately united with St. George and the Wild Man of the other two Rhaetian Leagues in the common *Wappen* of the canton of Graubünden. The book is one of great use and great interest and is evidently the fruit of much painstaking labour. Its errors may easily be corrected by a few notes upon its roomy margin.

T. HANCOCK.

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.

Old Paris: its Court and Literary Salons. By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson.

The Storm and its Portents: Scenes from the Reign of Louis XVI. By Dr. E. L. Phipson. (R. Bentley & Son.)

LADY JACKSON’S is a good and admirable book, well written, well arranged, and well thought out. The author must have made a thorough study of French history and literature in the seventeenth century; she has lived in close communion with the great writers who cast such a lustre on this, the most brilliant period, from the literary point of view, in the whole history of France; she has read the curious and attractive Memoirs which many political personages of the time

have bequeathed to us; she has thus rendered herself mistress of her subject, and she has undertaken to write what may be called a history of French literature and society in its greatest age. Her narrative, which opens with the death of Henri IV. and ends with the reign of Louis XIV., does not deal with political events, which are supposed to be known to the reader, and are therefore only very briefly summarised; but with literary and artistic events, with all that concerns the higher society of the time. Thus the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is dismissed in a few lines, while the history of Petitot, the famous painter on enamel, one of the victims of that unjust and iniquitous measure, occupies several pages.

This example will suffice to show the author's plan, and the object she has had in view. That object has been fully attained. Lady Jackson has not only a profound knowledge of the French authors of the seventeenth century, she has a singularly sound judgment and unflinching literary tact; we fully agree with almost all her criticisms. At the same time, she possesses the great art of making the past with which she is dealing a living reality to the reader, because she has identified herself therewith by her intimate acquaintance with it. Thus her description of the Hôtel Rambouillet, the earliest of all the literary salons of France, is very life-like and very truthful. The Fronde, that insurrection of women yet more than of discontented nobles, that revolt of the salons and not of the people, is depicted with much subtlety and spirit. In short, the author's point of view is always a high and healthy one. Some historians fancy that to be impartial you must place yourself on the average level of the morality of the time with which you are dealing; and in this spirit, when bygone times are concerned, they pass a lenient judgment on a mass of disorders, crimes, acts of violence and of cruelty, which would seem to them intolerable and revolting if they were to occur in our own days, but which remoteness and difference in time justify them, as they think, in excusing. Lady Jackson does not share this view. Without being a morose censor of the past, she has a higher ideal; it is by the light of eternal morality—that which, the same everywhere and for all, always calls evil evil—that she judges men and things in the seventeenth century, finding much to blame in their conduct, as she finds much to admire in their writings. The corrupt frivolity of the Court, despite its brilliant exterior, does not dazzle her in the least, and she does not hold that the faults of the great can find an excuse in the high position which they fill.

I know not what reception Lady Jackson's book may have met with in England, but to my mind it deserves a wide and durable success, for I have rarely come across a work in which French literature and society were better depicted and more wisely criticised, and I should gladly recommend it to all, even to my own countrymen.

Dr. Phipson's object in writing his volume is to make known the state of French society during the years preceding the Revolution, and thus to give a key, as it were, to the terrible events which, from 1789 onwards,

overturned that society and renewed it. But in order to this end, the author gives us, not a complete and consecutive picture, but a series of anecdotes without any connecting link—a mere succession of short stories. Instead of a mirror imaging for us the last quarter of the eighteenth century in France, he offers the reader a crystal cut into a thousand facets of varying size, colour, and brilliancy. This system is possibly not the best, and the muse of grave history might doubtless have objections to urge; yet it is not without its attractive qualities. Dr. Phipson's book will not convey much instruction for those who like to get to the bottom of a subject; it will interest and amuse those readers who are satisfied with grazing the surface of a question.

Among the anecdotes of which it is composed a large proportion are well known. The terrible accident that signalled the end of the *fêtes* given at Paris on the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI.; the "diamond necklace" affair; Cagliostro's conjuring feats, &c., are not novelties. Other stories—e.g., that of St. André; that of the poor *abbé* who was forced by the populace to confess a puppet representing the Bishop of Toulouse, who was to be burnt in effigy; that of the inscription which exercised the sagacity of scholars, and was found at last simply to indicate the *chemin des ânes*—cannot teach the reader much. These stories are piquant and amusing, but throw no light on the state of French society at the time. In short, Dr. Phipson's book is light reading, and contains a great number of curious facts gathered from contemporary Memoirs; and for those who cannot, for want of leisure, have recourse to more complete and scholarly works, it is by no means without value.

ETIENNE COQUEREL.

NEW NOVELS.

Dorcas. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Tiger Lily. By L. C. Mervyn. 2 vols. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

Her Friend Laurence. By Frank Lee Benedict. 3 vols. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

Lynton Abbott's Children. 3 vols. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

The Swintons of Wandale. By T. Crawford Scott. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Great Lady. From the German of Dewall. By Mrs. M. B. Harrison. (S. Tinsley & Co.)

Dorcas is one of those books about which there is very little to be said, but which everyone will be glad to read. Only five characters of any importance take part in the story, so well has Miss Craik known how to concentrate the attention of the reader. She has put in hardly an incident, and the whole is a picture of very still life indeed; yet, though some parts of the book are unequal to others, the interest never flags throughout. Mr. Trelawney, a studious recluse of middle age, influenced partly by natural tenderness, partly by the girl's evident love for himself, marries Letty, the niece of his housekeeper, Mrs. Markham. Letty's

character is extremely well drawn; she is gentle, simple, and ladylike, but has not talent enough to join her husband in his literary pursuits, while he has not the love for her to moderate his ardour for them for her sake. Their lives, therefore, are very much apart, and, except for the first few years, the birth of a daughter makes no difference. Dorcas and her father become wrapped up in each other; on her he expends all his tenderness, and awakens her interest in those studies with which poor Letty had been unable to cope. Thus the two live on their lives, not heeding the wistful care of the mother, who is unconsciously kept aloof, and who is obliged to content herself with looking after their material comforts, hardly expecting now more than a kindly toleration in return. At length the inevitable lover arrives, in the person of Frank Harcourt, and Mr. Trelawney finds with bitterness that the love he has lavished on his child during her whole life has become subordinated to that of a comparative stranger. The details of how he gradually reconciles himself to the hardness of fate are told with great truth, and the climax of simple pathos is reached when, after the marriage of Dorcas, the father finds the necessity of the love he has so long neglected, but which has been waiting for him all those years, and the husband and wife are united as they have never been before. We have omitted from this outline the discovery by Dorcas of her mother's lowliness of birth, and the difficulties that ensue as to her marriage because of it. By far the least satisfactory part of the book is the account of Dorcas' long stay with Mrs. Harcourt when these difficulties are overcome.

A Tiger Lily is an unhappy contrast to *Dorcas*. It is supposed to be the autobiography of a young lady named Lily, the fierceness of whose disposition procures her the *sobriquet* on the title-page. The work is redolent of Miss Broughton's school. The heroine says rude things and does self-sacrificing ones; she protests on every page how ugly she is, yet betrays a nervous eagerness that the reader should know that she was admired; she marries the man she loves, who, however, separates himself from her for three years because she told him a falsehood some time before. The story is utterly impossible, and fails to excite the slightest interest.

Mr. Frank Lee Benedict has taken a great deal of pains with *Her Friend Laurence*, but we think they might have been bestowed to better purpose. If it were worth while to chronicle the petty scandal and intrigues of a society so notoriously lax as that of Florence, then no doubt we might be grateful; but probably the reader will think that it is not. The heroine is an American lady named Violet Cameron, who has reached the age of thirty-three without being married, who is of the most austere morality and the most refined taste, and yet seems to plunge, with great vigour and satisfaction to herself, into the very questionable society around her. Some of the verbal encounters of this society are very amusingly sketched, but, as so often happens when they occur frequently, they indicate a straining after effect which becomes disagreeable. It requires no great ingenuity to divine the

process by which "her friend Laurence" becomes something nearer and dearer to Miss Cameron in spite of the disparity of years on the wrong side; but the picture of the death-bed, the marriage, and the recovery all in one is a severe tax on one's credulity.

In the characters of *Lynton Abbott's Children* the author shows himself capable of delineating very varied types, but that which seems to find most favour with him (or more probably her) is the thorough-paced villain. It is seldom, even in fiction, that we come across one so complete as Marshall Abbott, whose early manhood is employed in vivisection for the love of seeing the creatures suffer, and who, later, having taken holy orders, and thus added hypocrisy to cruelty, occupies himself in murdering his wife by slow degrees, and then his brother by a much more summary method. It is unlikely that so cool a hand should shoot himself, whether by accident or otherwise, on seeing a sleep-walker enter his room. Apart from this monstrosity, there is much that is well drawn in the characters of the book. The cold, calculating, lazy disposition of Helen Mansearh, who draws with such ease the simple-minded Willie Lynton into her net, is particularly good; and the heroine Henrietta is also natural, though why she should be made to fall in love with her father's bailiff, when nothing comes of it, it is difficult to say. The book has a curious air of the hospitals about it: all more or less study medicine, which the author evidently considers the noblest of all professions; and the heroine, after serving as a nurse in "the most dreadful war of recent times," is left pursuing her studies in Paris. The author's next attempt will probably be very much better, and we should not be surprised if it were very good.

Mr. Crawford Scott is a novel-writer of experience, and we are surprised to find that this has not served him in better stead in *The Swintons of Wandaal*. The scene where Kenneth Swinton, when excited with whisky, meets Mabel almost for the first time and kisses her violently, is in extremely bad taste, which becomes infinitely worse when Janet enquires whether the kiss smacked of wine or whisky. But it is impossible to feel any interest in the fortunes of Kenneth, who appears to be a person of the most ordinary intellect, and who, so far from doing any noble action, breaks the majority of the commandments—including the eighth, for he poaches his uncle's pheasants in the meanest manner, and sells them in order to buy his betrothed a ring. Yet after a short period of adversity, a *deus ex machina* appears in the person of an uncle, who endows him with an ample property, and he marries Mabel with all her wealth. The incidents of the story are as improbable as the characters are untrue to life; but Mr. Scott seems more at home with the Scotch peasantry, whose sayings and feelings are much better portrayed.

A Great Lady is a story of life in Warsaw in 1863, and is certainly not well named. There is a great deal of plotting and a great deal of love-making, the latter of an extremely strong flavour; indeed, the *liaison* of Countess P—with Mengden, her husband's *aide-de-camp*, and his degradation and eventual

death in consequence, form the chief episode of the book. The translation does not strike us as particularly happy, but, while she was about it, it would have been a relief if Mrs. Harrison had carried her efforts in that way a little farther. Snatches of Russian, Polish, German, and French jostle each other on every page; while the confusion is increased by one of the characters, who, in the original, speaks "a comically fluent broken German," being here made to utter the most extraordinary broken English. Russians appear to use very forcible language—at least we should hesitate to speak of a man as an "abortion of dirt and fire." The local colouring, indeed, is very strong, and there is no want of life and incident in the story.

F. M. ALLEYNE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The United States Unmasked. By G. Manigault. (Stanford.) The author of this essay tells us that he made several ineffectual efforts to get it published in the United States, American publishers being unwilling to incur unpopularity by "becoming godfathers to his ranting." The conclusions which the essay aims at establishing are certainly not of a kind likely to obtain popularity in America. The first of four propositions in which Mr. Manigault sums up its substance is, "that whatever wisdom and justice may have promoted the prosperity of the United States, they did not originate there, but were brought in from abroad, and have there deteriorated." And the last is "that, far from having made moral progress with their growth, the forty millions of people in the United States are most strongly characterised by their unblushing political, social, and financial corruption." In relation to the first proposition, Mr. Manigault's sketch of the causes of the rapid progress and prosperity of the thirteen English colonies which formed the first States of the Union is well drawn. It is a true remark that it was fortunate for the English colonists that the Spaniards had got the start of them in the West Indies, and in Mexico and Peru. "But for that, the prospect of speedy gain in its most tempting form would have diverted the English, in the pursuit of gold, from an enterprise which led to their peopling the better half of the continent." If, however, the author's fourth proposition were borne out, the world would, after all, have gained little. A nation of sharpers would be no better than a nation of gold-hunters by a director process. But it is plain that the real sin of which the people of the United States are guilty in Mr. Manigault's eyes is, not the manifold corruption he charges them with, but the abolition of slavery. It is curious that a writer who insists that every one has a natural right to buy and sell in the best market—and therefore condemns American protective legislation—should attempt to justify slavery, which robs the slave of his natural powers, as in accordance with both primitive Christianity and modern civilisation. Mr. Manigault would have had a better chance of getting the ear of the English people had he concealed the true cause of the indignation that boils over in his pages against the people of the United States.

Rome et Démétrius (Paris: Leroux) is the title of an account of the False Demetrius from the point of view of a Jesuit critic, Father Pierling. It is a useful contribution to the stock of literary material concerning the life of that most remarkable of claimants, containing a number of valuable documents selected, for the most part, from the correspondence between the Court of Rome and the Papal Nuncio in Poland. The chief aim of the

author has been to show that Demetrius was not a mere tool of the Jesuits, or a Pretender supported by the Pope only as an instrument likely to be turned to good account in Papal intrigues against the independence of the Eastern Church. According to him, what Rome really sought was "the welfare of Russia," and the Jesuits were disinterested and self-sacrificing seekers after all that is good. A brilliant future would have awaited Russia had that benighted country vouchsafed to enter upon the way pointed out by the Roman Pontiffs. Many a disaster would it have thereby escaped, and perhaps at this moment it would have been master of the East, "pacified by its efforts, Christianised by its apostles." On the still vexed question as to who Demetrius really was, the work throws no new light; but that is likely to remain one of the unsolved problems of history.

The Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the Singer of the German Fatherland. Compiled from the German. With a Preface by J. R. Seeley. (Seeley, Jackson and Co.) In his excellent preface to this book the author of *The Life and Times of Stein* points out that the autobiography of Arndt will have most significance for the student of history, for "he led such a life and had such a character that his biography may serve the purpose for which the historical novel was invented, and in a better way." Arndt, even if his lot had been cast in peaceful times, would have been little of the ordinary German professor who reads, smokes, and writes treatises, and, like Herr Teufelsdröckh in his garret, is farther removed from mundane affairs "than any other biped but the weathercock;" but, as it was, the "storm and stress" of the Napoleonic ages soon forced him out of his quiet professorial chair at Greifswald. He had not long settled there when the military disasters of 1805 laid the nations at the feet of Napoleon. They "wrung from me," says Arndt, "the first part of my *Geist der Zeit*," and from that time he was a marked man in the front rank of German patriots. He had to flee to Sweden; thence he was tempted by events back to Germany, and, for a little while, even to his post in the University of Greifswald; but "my last year and a-half there," says he, "was strewn with many thorns, chiefly from the indifference and foreign sympathies of many whom I ought to have held in honour." He resigned his professorship and committed himself to chance. In Berlin, in Prague, over the Carpathians in the company of a Viennese smuggler, through filthy Poland, here and there in Russia in the suite of the great Minister Stein, and back again in Germany, *The Life and Adventures of Arndt* till the fall of Napoleon in 1815 reads more like the journal of a soldier or of a strolling player, than of a respectable professor. Yet, doubtless, it was in this period of tumult and ferment, of toppling thrones and coalescing nations, that the impetuous Arndt was most at home. His abilities showed to greater advantage as the impassioned advocate of German union and as the war-trumpet of Stein than either as a professor or a deputy. He was a poet, and, if he was a politician at all, he was of that inspired but awkward order of politicians who can excite but cannot guide. That he had no hand in the notorious "Burschenschaft" movement or in the murder of Kotzebue cannot be doubted, but at the same time it cannot well be denied that, had it not been for his impassioned writings and lectures, there would have been no "Burschenschaft," and probably, therefore, no murder of Kotzebue; and a Government that knew not or had forgotten his brilliant services may be excused for suspecting him of complicity, but surely not for subjecting him to an irregular and protracted trial. Of this trial, before a dunder-

headed court with a name three inches long, Arndt gives a droll, though sometimes bitter, account:—"What had begun as a criminal trial, ended in the form of a police investigation." No decision was ever arrived at, but Arndt "remained silenced for twenty years;" and worse than silence might have been imposed on him had it not been for Stein and other friends. In 1840, on the accession of Frederick William IV., he was restored to his professorship at Bonn, "because," as the Cabinet order stated, "the King knows him and trusts him." Though his long disgrace and the death of a favourite son weighed heavily on the old man, his heart was still healthy and buoyant. When Louis-Philippe fled from Paris and there was a stir throughout Europe, Arndt rejoiced, and declared he heard the "cock-crow of the German morning." Full of this hope he permitted himself to be elected and sent to the Frankfurt Parliament when in his seventy-ninth year; but his party failed, and he withdrew, disappointed, from Parliament and public life together. His ninetieth birthday was celebrated by all Germany, and honours, presents, and letters were showered upon him in such overwhelming profusion that he may be said to have been "killed with kindness." He took to his bed, saying, "Friends and fools have done for me," and within a fortnight he was dead. He was a fine German—warm, candid, sturdy, and pious. His old Lutheran piety and his unreasoning hatred of the French are together well illustrated in his seeing "the hand of God" in the death by a cannon-shot of the gallant Moreau, who, after having been banished by Napoleon, had joined the allies, but who, Arndt feared, "had he lived, would have interfered in our affairs in the council of Alexander!" In earnestness, in soldier-like enjoyment of hardship and privation, in national pride and prejudice, in deep religious feeling, and even in the song-writing, the political pamphleteering, and the teaching of history, many readers, we fancy, will find Arndt not unlike Charles Kingsley. Apart from the interest attaching to this book as a contribution to history, there is great charm in its unstudied simplicity, its vivacity and keen observation. Prof. Seeley's comparison of it with the Eckmann-Chatrian novels is fully deserved by the earlier chapters, in which Arndt tells so naively the story of his childhood, of his clever brother Fritz, who might have been a great poet, painter, or actor but that he "became an attorney and married too early." The work of most literary value published by Arndt is his *Fairy Tales*; though his songs (especially "Was ist des deutschen Vaterland?" and "Der Gott der Eisen wachsen lies") deserve better than Schlegel's contemptuous criticism—"patriotic schnaps."

OVER Mr. Canning's *Philosophy of the Waverley Novels* (Smith, Elder and Co.) we are fain to cry out with Persius' friend, "Quis leget haec?" For whom is the volume designed? Who and where are those who will read it? For it does not, we think, contain a thought beyond the reach of any soul of average intelligence. Mr. Canning has a very strong feeling against bigotry and intolerance, for which righteous indignation let him receive abundant credit. The purpose of his book is to point out how noble a spirit pervades the Waverley Novels—with what fairness and comprehensive sympathy Scott sketches the most opposite parties—how he is a true human Catholic, so to speak, no narrow Romanist, or Protestant, or Puritan—how he sees good in everything and everybody, in a Roundhead and in a Cavalier, in a Hanoverian and in a Jacobite, in the Gael and in the Saxon. This, then, is, in short, Scott's humanity. But whether 360 pages are justifiably filled with his treatment of it may be seriously questioned. We do not think the ordinary admirer of the Waverley Novels is

likely to be attracted; we are certain that the critical reader of them will be satisfied with a very rapid perusal; and to people who do not know them at all, the volume will have no meaning. So we say, *Quis leget haec?* Mr. Canning writes fluently and sensibly enough; but his work—at least this specimen of it—wants substance. And he errs, we think, in insisting that Scott wrote with a pressing moral purpose. It is a mistake, for instance, to say that, in the first of the immortal series,

"his twofold object clearly was to draw the conquerors and conquered together; to appeal to the best and wisest feelings of their respective natures by preventing either party considering themselves wholly in the right or wholly in the wrong."

This is after the manner of those Shaksperian critics who assure us that Shakspeare's plays were written to set forth special ethical doctrines. The fact is that every faithful and comprehensive picture of life conveys moral truth because it is faithful and comprehensive. But this is a very different thing from saying that the picture was painted in order to convey moral truth. The highest art is associated with morality because it is associated with life; and life, truly seen and in all its breadth, inspires morality, teaches self-restraint, tolerance, consideration; but to preach morality is never the first object of the great artist. He does inspire it, not because this is his aim, but because it is essential to what he represents. A poet's "singing robe" is neither a professor's gown nor a parson's surplice.

Transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological and Natural History Society. Where did King Oswald die? A Summary of the Arguments in Favour of Oswestry and Winwick. (Shrewsbury: Adnitt and Naunton.) This pamphlet sums up the arguments adduced in papers by Mr. Littler and Mr. Cockayne in favour of Winwick in Lancashire as the locality of St. Oswald's so-called martyrdom, together with those brought forward by Mr. Littler and others in favour of Oswestry. Oswald, King of Northumbria, was killed in battle with Penda, the heathen King of Mercia, in the year 642. The inhabitants of Winwick believe that this battle took place there, and base their belief on the grounds that they possess a St. Oswald's Well, that there are traditions of St. Oswald, that the ancient name was Maserfelth, and that they possess the following lines under the wall plate in their church:—

"Hic locus Osvalde quondam placuit tibi valde
Qui Northymbrosum fueras rex nuncque polorum
Regna tenes; prae passus Mercel de vocato."

Oswestry, however, possesses, or did possess, a St. Oswald's Well, a tree on which the limbs of the martyr are said to have been hung, and has traditions apparently as good as those of Winwick. The King, the inhabitants say, fell in a place called Hefenfelth—in Welsh, Cae Nef—and this name is said to occur in an old Survey of Oswestry. Their authority for Maserfeld as the original name of Oswestry is not earlier than Camden, and, according to the Saxon Chronicle, King Oswald did undoubtedly die in some place called Maserfelth. Nennius, however, who seems to be unknown to the supporters of Winwick, says Oswald died at Codoy and had a palace at Llanigwin. Mr. Lloyd in his paper identifies Llan-i-guin with Winwick and Codoy with Coedwae—or wood of woe—a name still belonging to a spot about fourteen miles from Oswestry. Capgrave, too, in his *Nova Legenda Angliae*, says that Oswald fought and fell at Maserfeld, and distinctly says that Maserfeld is near Oswestry. Considerable stress is laid on this authority as being antecedent to Camden, who, though apparently in favour of Oswestry, is not, and with reason, held as infallible. But Capgrave was only one hundred and fifty years earlier, and was probably in

possession of no other authority than Camden had. Many other arguments are adduced on either side, but the people of Oswestry seem to have the best of the contest. At Winwick was probably a palace inhabited by St. Oswald, which fact would account for the traditions in the neighbourhood; but at Oswestry it is probable he was killed. The lines in the church at Winwick, if worth anything at all, would bear this theory out. The compiler of this pamphlet adds at the end some valuable observations of his own to show that the locality of Oswestry was a more probable one than that of Winwick. A good deal of very irrelevant matter might well have been omitted.

Vinovium, the Buried Roman City at Binchester, in the County of Durham, as revealed by the Recent Explorations. A Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Bishop Auckland, February 24, 1879. By the Rev. R. E. Hoopell. A Paper read before the Society of Antiquities of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, February 26, 1879, on the Results of the Exploration of Vinovium. By the Rev. R. E. Hoopell. Recent explorations made at Binchester at the expense of Mr. John Proud, of Bishop Auckland, have thrown considerable light on the history of the Roman station of Vinovium. Vinovium must have been originally a British fortification, and was probably one of the strongholds of the Brigantes. This is amply proved by the fact that the Roman ramparts rest on a bed of loose shingly stones which extends on each side for many feet. These stones, which are characteristic of British fortifications, must have been brought up from the bed of the River Wear. It seems that the Romans must have levelled the British mound of stones and built their rampart on the broad base thus left, just as they appear to have done at Isaurum. This is also borne out by the fact that the Roman walls are not straight, but curved, following the lines of the still-existing escarpment. A considerable stretch of the Roman wall has been laid bare, with interesting results. The wall is about eight feet six inches thick, and the facing-stones are perfect for seven courses. It is pierced by a culvert, of which the under surface of the arch is covered with a mineral deposit showing that for a long time water must have flowed through it. This water, as an analysis of the deposit shows, was spring water, but whether it flowed into or out of the station is not clear. Outside the walls, about twenty feet from the culvert, was found a square roughly-walled chamber. There were no traces of water, however, and from marks of fire on the stones it would seem to have been more probably a kiln. An exploration of the main street brought to light a quantity of various remains, as bones and pottery, some massive walls, and several channelled stones. One building could be traced all round. Some baths were also discovered, with the hypocaust in a ruinous condition; but at some distance another hypocaust was found in a very fine state of preservation. The remains of other buildings were also uncovered. A considerable quantity of pottery was found and about 127 coins. Of these coins thirty belong to the period ending with Marcus Aurelius, while only eight represent the period from A.D. 180 to A.D. 306. The time of Constantine is represented by about eighty coins, and the rest are doubtful. Some skulls were found but re-interred, which seems unfortunate, as an inspection of them by Dr. Rolleston might have led to interesting results. From internal evidence Dr. Hoopell thinks there must have been three distinct eras of occupation. He also identifies Vinovium with the Vinovium of the Itinerary. But the Vinovium of Ptolemy seems to have corresponded rather with Lancaster. The Watling Street of the North seems to have passed through the station on to the village of Hunwick and then to Lanchester. Dr. Hoopell alludes constantly in his lecture to

drawings which were made of the various discoveries. It is a pity they were not reduced and published with these papers, which are valuable for their lucid and systematic arrangement as well as for the matter they contain.

Calendar of Home Office Papers, 1766-69. Edited by Joseph Redington. During these three years England was in a constant storm of disorder and tumult. There were bread riots at Oxford and Gloucester in spite of incessant executions. The sailors in the Thames prevented the ships from departing, and the coal-heavers at Wapping were rioting as the best means of bringing their grievances under the notice of Parliament. Wilkes, of course, had a series of disturbances at Brentford and Westminster all to himself. About this matter there are so many papers in the early summer of 1768 that the editor has thrown them into a connected narrative. Need we be surprised that at this juncture the law officers of the Crown were condemning a letter of Junius as a "daring, scandalous, seditious, and dangerous libel," and that the electors of Berwick and Westminster were petitioning for a dissolution of Parliament? Irish affairs were then as ever engrossing the attention of the Ministry, and the Lord Lieutenant, from the defeat of the Government in the Irish Parliament on a money Bill, drew the not unnatural conclusion that its members meant "to acknowledge as little as possible the superiority of the mother country." A report on the memorial of the Irish refiners of sugar is of peculiar interest at the present time. As if to make things better, many of the manufacturers were excited by the importation of plate-iron from Sweden, and by the attempts of some enterprising Englishmen to establish a manufactory of coach springs in Holland. An officer in the Portuguese service was suspected of being engaged in an attempt to allure some Cornish miners into Portugal, and Government messengers were occupied in watching his movements. The prisons were filled with criminals, many of the pages in this volume being occupied with reports of the judges on their cases. One hardened ruffian was indicted on the terrible accusation of engrossing of cheese, the word "engross" being carefully defined by the editor in the words of Bailey as "to buy up all of a commodity." Wrecking was carried on in Wales and Cornwall almost as an act of virtue. One of the members for Launceston under the fear of his constituents made strenuous efforts, but in vain, to save from the gallows a wrecker more than four-score years old. The fate of this young reprobate was made the subject of a tract by a brother of the Rev. Samuel Walker, the evangelist of Truro. David Hume appears in these pages as under-secretary to General Conway. Benjamin Disraeli petitions for a patent "for the art of making women's chip hats and bonnets."

The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy. By Mrs. Bray. (London: W. Kent; Plymouth: Brendon.) The first edition of this work appeared more than forty years ago, and was suggested by Southey's enthusiasm for local history. The compression from three volumes of the first issue into two has been made by the veteran author herself. Though the work has gained in value and interest by the omission of much matter which the lapse of time has rendered obsolete, much still remains which a severe critic would have excised. The last ten years have witnessed a great increase in the number of the summer visitors to Dartmoor; and the pages of Mrs. Bray's volumes, abounding in delightful gossip on its legends and superstitions, and instinct with affection for its tords and combs, cannot fail to attract many more. Let us hope that her remonstrances may deter the spoilers from continuing that whole-

sale destruction of the memorials of past ages which Mrs. Bray feelingly confesses to have happened in the last thirty years. The chapters on the pixies that are fabled to disport themselves on Dartmoor, and on the superstitions that still cling to its inhabitants, will be especially acceptable to all students of folk-lore. We are grateful to Mrs. Bray for retaining the letters of Mr. Johnes on the birds of Dartmoor, one of the most pleasant contributions to the study of natural history in the West which has yet appeared. Nearly forty admirable illustrations of scenery and antiquities increase the charm of this reprint. They are all from sketches taken on the spot, and are faithful reproductions of the chief beauties of Tavistock and its neighbourhood.

Album de Poesias. (Montevideo.) The publication of this book, entirely composed of verses by living Orientals, will do much to sustain the faith of those who still believe in a noble future for Uruguay, a country to which we may apply an image of Señor Alejandro Magariños Cervantes, the editor of the volume, and say that it has only escaped from the lions of Spain to fall a prey to the jaguars and pumas of South America. The object of the publication is to aid the funds for the erection of a monument in commemoration of the Independence of the Republic; and if the attainment of this object would tend to realise the dreams of its writers for an era of real liberty for their unfortunate country, there are few true lovers of the human race who would fail to become possessors of this interesting collection. Easy in versification and often noble in sentiment, this "Golden Treasury" of Uruguay does much credit to its writer and its editor, and bears pleasant witness to the culture and fine feeling of the educated classes of the Banda Oriental. To quote one of the fine stanzas of an ode by Señor Gonzalo Ramirez to the Spirit of Death on the occasion of the fearful epidemic of yellow fever which raged in Buenos Ayres in 1871:—

"¡Cuán miserable y débil la humana criatura!
Pero cuán grande en medio de sus miserias es!
Hay almas que en las horas sin fin de la amargura
Contra el destino luchan con santa intrepidez."

As the first published collection of purely Uruguayan poetry this book deserves a welcome and cordial wishes for its success. We observe with pleasure that it is proposed to follow it with a similar selection in prose.

Charles XII. By Oscar Fredrik. Translated from the Swedish by George F. Apgeorge. (R. Bentley and Son.) Mr. Apgeorge has presented to us in this handsome form a welcome specimen of the talents of the present King of Norway and Sweden, Oscar II., who is favourably known in the literature of his country as a poet, a critic, and an orator. The work of King Oscar here translated is a discourse recited by him, while he was still Duke of Östergötland, at the festival given by the Military Association of Stockholm on occasion of the inauguration, in Karl XII. Square, of a statue of the great monarch, upon the 150th anniversary of his death. Oscar Fredrik writes with knowledge and fervour, and his peculiar position as the successor on the throne of the man he eulogises gives a special importance to his words. Mr. Apgeorge has translated the address accurately and with taste, and has added some extracts from Oscar II.'s excellent volume of poems, *Ur svenska flottans minnen*. The present King of Sweden and Norway is an accomplished man of letters, and has produced, besides his original works, very admirable translations of the *Cid* of Herder and the *Tasso Torquato* of Goethe.

In the first part of the *Bibliothèque Slave Elzévirienne* (Paris: Leroux), a number of anecdotes collected by Count Joseph de Maistre and the Jesuit Father Grivel, relating to the

Religion et Mœurs des Russes, are given to the world under the editorship of another Jesuit, the Romanist Russian Gagarin. Most of those among them which have any merit are old acquaintances. For the count's reminiscences refer to olden days, and the stories they have preserved have mostly been told by other writers. Those of the Jesuit narrator are less familiar, perhaps because they are more dull. The most interesting of the pieces of information he has to give is the account of how the General of the Jesuits in Russia stood high in the favour of the Emperor Paul, who wished to make him President of the Council of Artillery; but the astute Jesuit declined the honour, though aware that another of his fraternity occupied the post of "Grand Mandarin du Tribunal des Mathématiques" at Peking. This having been the case, it is easy to understand why Father Grivel is not inclined to admit that Paul was mad. The nobles pretended that he was so, it seems, having "a personal interest in the venality of justice," and, therefore, objecting to the juridical reforms introduced by the Emperor. Their dislike was naturally shared by the English, who were afraid of Paul's designs upon their Indian possessions. At the same time, we are told, it is not true that the English had Paul assassinated in order to put a stop to his intended invasion of India, in which 60,000 Russians were to take part, forwarded from the south side of the Caspian on 50,000 camels provided by the Shah of Persia. The most amusing of Count de Maistre's sneers at Russia is, perhaps, the statement that in the dictionary published by the Imperial Academy, "l'expression pompe foulante [forcing pump] est rendue en Russe par *luze insolent*."

The History of the County of Monaghan. Part IV. By Evelyn P. Shirley, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., M.R.I.A. (Pickering.) This part of Mr. Shirley's elaborate history of the Irish county, although probably necessary, is not so interesting as its predecessors. It is almost exclusively filled by tabular lists of the farms and holdings in various parishes, and a considerable portion of the pages is entirely blank. It would, we are afraid, be found rather dry reading, somewhat like the contents of a statistical Blue-book. These records, however, are no doubt locally important, and should have a place in such a careful and exhaustive history of the county as Mr. Shirley proposes. As the names of the present proprietors of the various holdings are given, the work becomes a sort of modern Domesday-book so far as Monaghan is concerned. To philologists this portion of the work will prove interesting, as the name of each holding is first given according to the Ordnance Survey, and then in Irish, being followed by a translation in modern English. Beside the other illustrations, this part contains a coloured view of the Ford Bellaclithe, the scene of the historical meeting of Essex and Tyrone, September 7, 1598.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT will publish early in October *The Diary of a Tour in Sweden, Norway, and Russia in 1827*, by the Marchioness of Westminster, which will contain graphic sketches of the inner life of some of the Continental Courts, including St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Copenhagen, at that period, and will show many of the perils and difficulties of foreign travel before the introduction of railways.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND Co. are preparing for publication Mr. Frederick Wedmore's new volume, *The Masters of Genre-Painting*. The work will be illustrated by a series of designs from genre pictures in the National Gallery, at the Louvre, and at the Hague.

WE understand that Mr. John Dennis, author of *Studies in English Literature*, has a work in preparation, to be entitled, *The Three Ages of English Poetry*.

MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIDEN AND ALLEN will publish in a few weeks a little volume containing four plays designed for children's acting by Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker, the translator of the poems of Ferdinand Freiligrath, her father. The plays are founded on fairy-tales of Grimm, and one, called *Alice*, is a dramatised version of "Lewis Carroll's" *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*, written with the author's special sanction. The book will contain twelve illustrations by Miss Sibree. The publishers have in their hands the material for a second series of these plays.

WE are glad to hear that it is proposed to publish by subscription a selection from the more important records preserved among the archives of the city of Oxford. Beginning with the reign of Henry VIII., the council books are unusually complete, but their chief interest lies in the full and vivid pictures which they give of the struggles between the city and the university. Additional light is thrown upon this and numerous other points in the municipal history of Oxford by various account-books, memorandum-books, &c., which have likewise been utilised. Records from other sources have also been consulted, with a view to making the history of the city as complete as possible. For the present, the work will end at the close of the reign of Elizabeth; but it is proposed hereafter to continue the series in another volume, which will contain numerous references to the events of the reign of Charles I. and to the siege of Oxford. The work will be edited by Mr. William H. Turner, of the Bodleian Library, under the direction of Mr. Robert S. Hawkins, town clerk, and will be published by Mr. James Parker. The subscription price is fixed at sixteen shillings.

MR. BEN. BRIERLEY, the author of many stories and sketches dealing chiefly with Lancashire life, is about to visit America. The result of his observation of Transatlantic manners and customs will probably appear in the periodical which bears his name, and which for ten years has enjoyed considerable popularity in the North of England. Mr. Brierley, who is author, dramatist, and amateur actor, takes part in one of his own plays in farewell performances at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, the last of which takes place this (Saturday) evening.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN will shortly publish "*L'Abécédair*" of French Pronunciation, a manual for teachers and students, by G. Leprévost, of Paris. Its object is to teach French pronunciation systematically by simple and easy stages. Each lesson is divided into two parts. The first part treats of the pronunciation of the vowels, consonants, diphthongs, nasal and liquid sounds. These are exemplified by lists of from fifteen to twenty words each, with the English meaning, containing no other sounds than those previously explained. The second part, called "French as it is Read and Spoken," treats of the connexion of words, of the elision of the E mute (including as many as nine E's in succession), of the divisions of words into syllables, and of accent and emphasis.

AT the opening meeting of the sixth session of the New Shakespeare Society, on October 17, will be discussed Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips's new argument for the date of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* not being earlier than 1596.

A TRANSLATION of the first part of *Faust* into English verse by Thos. E. Webb will appear in the "Dublin University Press Series." One of the earliest English translations was that of a predecessor of Prof. Webb in the Chair of Civil

Law in his university. The late Prof. Anster's translation was that of a poet, but it wandered at times too widely from the text of Goethe. Prof. Webb aims at uniting the utmost accuracy with all the force and fire of an original work. His translation has occupied Dr. Webb during the leisure periods of several years.

THE Reports on the Paris Exhibition, made by selected artisans who were sent out last year by the Society of Arts, are now in the press, and will be published immediately. In order to bring them within the reach of the classes chiefly interested, the Reports have been arranged and printed in eleven classes, viz.:—"Pottery and Glass;" "Art Workmanship," comprising work in metal, wood, and stone; "Mechanical Engineering;" "Agriculture and Horticulture;" "Building Trades," including bricklaying, masonry, joinery, &c.; "Cabinet-making;" "Clock and Watchmaking," with which are included Reports on jewellery and optical instruments; "Printing;" "Textile Fabrics;" "Leather and Indiarubber;" "Mining and Metallurgy." The volume is dedicated by permission to the Prince of Wales, by whose suggestion the movement was originated. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are the publishers. The first part will be ready in a few days, and the others will follow in immediate succession.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "*Flat Burglary*" on *Shakspeare* is the title of Mr. Furnivall's reprint of his two letters to the *Spectator* of September 6 and 13 on Mr. Swinburne's "conveyance" from the poet of *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Coriolanus*, *1 Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Richard III.*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and *Sonnet 38*.

THE first volume has recently appeared at Leipzig of the *Geschichte Englands im achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, translated from the second edition of Mr. Lecky's work by Dr. Ferdinand Löwe, an accomplished linguist, who has made his name well known as the translator of Krilof's Fables from the Russian and of Kreutzwald's Popular Tales from the Estonian. In the Preface to the present excellent translation, he has attempted to clear the character of Frederick the Great from some of the charges brought against it by Mr. Lecky, being greatly surprised that "such a man" should consider as *selbst-süchtig* a monarch who to German eyes appears as a *Musterfürst*.

MR. J. H. LEVY will deliver a course of twenty-four lectures on Political Economy at the South Place Institute on Tuesday evenings at half-past seven o'clock, commencing on Tuesday, October 7. He will deliver an introductory lecture on Tuesday, September 30, at eight p.m., and a course of four lectures on "The Method of Political Economy" during the month of April 1880. The subjects of the principal course will be as follows:—Wealth; the Causes of Production; Causes of Variations in Productiveness; the Laws which determine the Quantity of Labour and Capital; the Law of Agriculture; Modes of Distribution; Private Property; Market Values; Competitive Normal Values; Non-competitive Normal Values; Rent; Profits; Wages as determined by Competition; Wages as determined by Causes other than Competition; Land Tenure; Money; Credit; Money in Relation to Foreign Trade; Production, Distribution, and Consumption; Currency; Interest; Revenue of the State; Incidence of Taxation; Economic Evolution.

Model Yachts and Model Yacht-Sailing: How to Build, Rig, and Sail a Self-acting Model Yacht, by James E. Walton, V.M.Y.C., will be published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran in the autumn. The author's aim has been to write such a book as to enable any ordinarily intelligent boy to construct, rig, and sail a model yacht with perfect success. The book is fully illustrated and abounds in practical details.

THE *Athenaeum Belge* announces that M. Léopold Delisle, Director of the National Library at Paris, has acknowledged the truth of the thesis maintained last year by M. Charles Potvin before the Academy of Belgium, to the effect that the Siger (generally supposed to be Siger of Brabant) mentioned by Dante in the tenth book of the *Paradiso* was not identical with the Siger of Courtrai who bequeathed certain MSS. to the Sorbonne. The two were first identified—and, as M. Potvin seems to have proved, erroneously—by M. V. Le Clerc in the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*.

PROF. N. HEINEMANN will deliver, at the City of London College, a series of thirty-two lectures on Political Economy. The lectures are open to ladies, and will commence in October.

THE Bulgarian Government has resolved upon the establishment of several additional schools in the Principality; among others, two girls' schools at Sofia and Tirnova, and industrial training schools for arts and trades at Kustendil and Varna.

THE death is announced from Dumfries of Dr. John A. Carlyle, author of a translation of Dante, and younger brother of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. It will be remembered that last year he gave £1,500 for the foundation of a scholarship in the University of Edinburgh in connexion with the study of the Italian language.

WE learn from the *Nation* that the preliminary matter to the Beedham-Springer *List of the Reproductions, both Imitation and in Facsimile, of the Productions of the Press of William Caxton, England's First Printer* (New York: Jonathan S. Green) is fully double the list itself, which contains only eleven numbers. Mr. Beedham's notes generally quote a part of the preface or prospectus of these reproductions, and afford much curious information concerning the modes of making facsimiles. Mr. G. I. F. Tupper remarks (p. 23) on the superiority of hand-made facsimiles over photographic, which has at first a paradoxical sound. With regard to Caxton's device, Mr. Beedham gives reasons for thinking the central character devoid of significance, as being, for one thing, not peculiar to Caxton. "Has it been suggested," asks the writer in the *Nation*, "that this character might be a monogram combined of alpha and omega?"

MESSRS. WARD AND LOCK send us a handsome edition, in large and clear type, of Lever's *Charles O'Malley*. It is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and will doubtless gain many fresh admirers for the famous "Irish Dragoon."

IN the *Archivio Veneto*, Signor Attilio Portioli gives an interesting account of the escape of Orsini in 1856 from the Fortress of Mantua, founded wholly on official documents, and especially on the reports of the fiscal authorities and the deposition of a fellow-prisoner. It confirms at all points Orsini's narrative as given in his *Memoirs*.

Saint Nicolas' Eve, and other Tales, a collection of stories by Mary C. Rowsell, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

MESSRS. S. W. SILVER AND Co. publish an *Australian Dictionary of Dates and Men of the Time*; containing the History of Australasia from 1542 to Date, by J. H. Heaton. The contents of this book are sufficiently explained by its title, and when the history of Australasia really comes to be written, Mr. Heaton's work will be found to contain much valuable material, and to indicate most of the sources that may be consulted with advantage. The section entitled "Men of the Time" is, as is usual with such compilations, subject to the charge of want of proportion, nor is it wholly free from errors. It is not correct, for instance, to say that Sir R. R. Torrens "still re-

presents" the borough of Cambridge. The "Dictionary of Dates" contains a mass of authentic information, of more or less value, arranged under a great variety of heads, from "Aboriginals" to "Xylography" and from "Universities" to "Aquatics." Altogether, this book will be absolutely indispensable to all who are in any way interested in the past, present, and future of the colony.

The *New England Journal of Education* contains a report of a remarkable gathering of the National Educational Association at Philadelphia on July 29 and following days. This association represents the educational interests of nearly every State in the American Union. It includes college presidents and professors, State and county superintendents, normal school principals and teachers, the teachers (both male and female) of the primary or common schools, and many persons interested in education who are no longer professional teachers. The subjects of discussion included the organisation of higher schools, the relations of the State to the common schools, industrial education, reports on the condition of public instruction in foreign countries, and the establishment by the universities of professional lectures and of diplomas or degrees in education. This last subject appears to have excited considerable interest, and the recent action of the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and especially of the University of Cambridge, in seeking to provide instruction in the art of teaching for higher schoolmasters, was much discussed, and generally regarded as a movement of the highest importance and as a precedent which might well be followed in America. It is not a little remarkable in England, though we have sectional associations—e.g., of head-masters, of middle-class teachers, of the principals of girls' schools, as well as a National Union of Elementary Teachers, all working separately—there is no organisation such as that which has just held its twenty-first annual meeting at Philadelphia for bringing together teachers of all these various classes, and helping them to co-ordinate their work and to discover any common ground of action.

We learn from the *Revue Critique* that M. Dupin de Saint-André has discovered at Tours a copy of the edition of the *Taxes de la Pénitencierie apostolique*, published at Paris in 1620, which he has reprinted (Fischbacher) with a French translation and notes. The Introduction contains curious details on the penitential tariff fixed by the Church.—The Society for the History of France is about to issue the eighth volume of Froissart's *Chronicles*, the second volume of the *Chronicle of Saint-Remy*, the second volume of *Extraits des Auteurs Grecs concernant la Géographie et l'Histoire des Gaules*, and the third volume of the *Mémoires de la Huguerye*. M. Ch. Constant has just published for the society the first volume of the *Mémoires* of Nicolas Goulas, which contains many details of the life and plots of Gaston of Orleans, of the state of the Court during the reign and at the death of Louis XIII., and the career of Richelieu.—M. F. Bouquet has just completed, after five years' labour, his edition of the *Mémoires* of Thomas Dufosse for the Historical Society of Normandy. It throws much light on the history of Port Royal.—F. Ingold, an Oratorian, is engaged in the preparation of a *Bibliothèque Oratorienne*, which is to include the works of Bourgoing, Condren, Senault, Lamy, Mascaron, Massillon, Malbranche, &c.—M. Gazier will publish shortly (Pedone-Lauriel) a collection of *Lettres à Grégoire sur les Patois de France*.

AMONG recent Italian works we notice vol. iii. of the *Storia della Monarchia piemontese dal 1773 al 1861*, by N. Bianchi (Turin: Bocca), comprising the years 1798-1802; *Poeti contempo-*

ranei, by Corrado Corradini (Turin: Casanova), containing studies on Prati, Carducci, Aleardi, Praga, and Giacomini; vol. iii. of di Giovanni's *Filologia e Letteratura Siciliana* (Palermo: Pedone-Lauriel); and an article in the *Bollettino Consolare* for July, by Signor Renato Magni, on "The House of Savoy and the Island of Cyprus."

A ZANTE publisher announces a complete edition of the works of Solomos, one of the best poets of Modern Greece.

PROF. LAMBROS has just published a complete edition of the works of Akominatos, Metropolitan of Athens at the close of the twelfth century, based on the MSS. of Oxford, Vienna, Florence, and Rome.

PROF. W. ARNOLD, of Dresden, the author of a study on Philippe de Commines, is engaged on an elaborate work on Corneille.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for September, beside a pleasant *novelle* by Paul Heyse, has three interesting articles. One by Herr Raasloff, on the "Danish National Character," gives the Danes as their chief virtues simplicity, moderation, and humanity, while their weaknesses are indolence and indecision; the writer applies his results to the political condition of Denmark, which tends to cosmopolitan neutrality. Prof. Hertwig writes a paper, which will be read with interest in connexion with the questions raised by the President of the British Association, on "The History of the Cell Theory." The *Rundschau* also publishes a posthumous study by Herr A. Lange on "Greek Forms and Metres in German Poetry;" it is a careful study of the introduction and influence of classical forms in German literature.

THE *Rivista Europea* for September has an interesting article by Signor Rondani on "The Traditions of French Art." He gives to French art the praise of fidelity to illustrious traditions, almost contemptuous austerity, and faith in art as art; on the other hand it lacks connexion with modern life and modern thought. Dr. Riccardi writes on "The Worship of Water," and collects a multitude of examples of water-worship in different ages of the world's history. He suggests that wonder-working wells are a survival within Christianity of this ancient cultus.

THE *Bulgarische Correspondenz* gives some interesting statistics as to the progress of the Bulgarian newspaper press since the enfranchisement of the Principality. The *Derzhavi Vyesnik*, an exclusively Government paper, appears once a week at Sophia. The *Vitosha*, so called from the name of the mountain which looks down on the city of Sophia, and which is frequently alluded to in the popular songs of Bulgaria, is a bi-weekly, conservative in tendency, and has a circulation of about 2,000 copies. The *Tselokupna Bolgariya* ("United Bulgaria"), edited by Petr Slaveikov, a poet and the Nestor of Bulgarian journalists, is the organ of the so-called National party, and numbers 1,600 subscribers. The *Bolgarin*, published at Rustchuk, is the most widely circulated of Bulgarian newspapers, and represents the Opposition party. The *Narod* appears twice a week at Sistova. The *Maritza*, also bi-weekly, is published at Philippopolis, and is noted for its energetic propaganda of the national ideal—the union, namely, of North and South Bulgaria; it has a circulation of 2,500, and is edited by Danof, a veteran champion of Bulgarian liberty. The *Bolgarskoe Znamya* is published at Slivno, the *Narodni Glas* at Philippopolis, and the *Slavyanin* at Rustchuk. The *Nakovalnya*, published at Sophia, is edited by Dr. Bogorof, one of the most learned of Bulgarians, and has for its leading object the purification of the Bulgarian language from Turkish, Greek, and other foreign elements, and even from provincialisms. Lastly,

the *Bulgarische Correspondenz*, published in the German language by the Croat journalist, M. Lukshich, is designed to keep foreigners acquainted with the affairs of the youthful Principality.

THE *Revue Critique* states that the Historical Commission of the "Börsenverein der deutschen Buchhändler" has now published three volumes of its *Archiv für Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels*, established in 1876, which contains articles by Kapp on the Anglo-American book-trade in the last century; by Brockhaus, on Metternich's plan for organising the German book-trade; by Heigel, on the censorship in Bavaria; by Kirchhoff, on legislation regarding the press and book-fairs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; by Berger, on his experiences as a publisher from 1815-67; by Opel, on the beginnings of the German press, 1609-50. Herr Kapp, who is a member of the Reichstag, has been commissioned to prepare a general history of the book-trade, which is expected to be ready for publication in about six years.

WE have received *Christian Evidences viewed in Relation to Modern Thought*, Bampton Lectures for 1877, by the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., second edition (F. Norgate); *The Religious and Social Question*, by Isaac Péreire, translated by Miss Twemlow (Elliot Stock); *Authors of the Day; or, List of the Literary Profession for 1879*, edited by Wm. Hooe (W. Poole); *The Great Eastern Railway Company's Tourist-Guide to the Continent*, by Percy Lindley (125 Fleet Street); *General Guide to the Crystal Palace*, new edition, by F. K. J. Shenton (Crystal Palace Company); *Psychological and Ethical Definitions on a Physiological Basis*, by Charles Bray (Trübner); *The Resources of California*, by John S. Hittell, seventh edition (San Francisco: Bancroft); *The Golden Guide to London*, fourth edition (Chiswick Press); *Ueber den intelligiblen Charakter*, von Dr. R. Falckenberg (Halle: Pfeffer); &c.

AT THE OAR.

I DARE not lift a glance to you, yet stay
Ye gracious Ones, still save me, hovering near;
If music live upon mine inward ear
I know ye lean bright brow to brow, and say
Your secret things: if rippling breezes play
Cool on my cheek it is those robes ye wear
That wave, and shadowy fragrance of your hair
Drifted the fierce noon fervour to allay.
Fierce fervour, ceaseless stroke, small speed, and I
Find grim contentment in the servile mood:
But should I gaze in yon untrammelled sky
Once, or behold your dewy eyes, my blood
Would madden, and I should fling with one free cry
This body headlong in the whelming flood.
EDWARD DOWDEN.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

UNDER the title of *Percement de l'Isthme de Panama*, M. Brau de Saint-Pol Lias, of whose labours in Sumatra mention has been made in the ACADEMY, has just published (Paris: Dentu) a useful little volume on a subject which is gradually forcing itself more and more on public attention. In M. Lias' book we have, within a reasonable compass, a *résumé* of the proceedings of the late Congress at Paris, the official record of which, we understand, will form a substantial volume. The brochure contains several interesting illustrations, and some small maps compiled from material laid before the Congress. In one of these we have the route traced which was finally adopted by the majority from the projects submitted by Lieut. L. N. B. Wyso.

THE Commissioners of the New York State Survey have issued their *Report* for 1878, which

shows that much good work has been done under their direction at a very small cost. The measurements in that period embrace an area of about 2,000 square miles, in which hitherto every town had been misplaced from one to two miles on all existing maps. Thirty-one prominent positions have been marked with granite posts, and their distance and direction from one another determined with the utmost precision, as well as their latitudes, longitudes, and elevations. The Report is accompanied by maps and tables of preliminary geographical positions, &c.

THE *Library and Travelling Map of Scotland*, by A. Keith Johnston (W. and A. Keith Johnston), is professedly an enlargement of the maps originally published in the *Royal Atlas*. As such, it would call for no special notice if it were not for a "note" retained on the present edition. Mr. Johnston, no doubt, was justified in describing his work as having been "constructed, at great expense, from the Trigonometrical and Detailed Surveys of the Board of Ordnance and Admiralty, and an extensive collection of private and unpublished materials," and as "the only general map which represents the true physical and topographical features of the country." But the retention of this note on a map only bearing the date of 1879 upon the face of it is misleading, for the Ordnance survey of the whole of Scotland has now been completed, and a large portion of this map is not only not based upon it, but has not even been carefully revised by a reference to its results as they appear upon the sheets published within the last five years. At the same time, the map will prove useful to tourists, notwithstanding its somewhat crowded nomenclature and the crude manner in which the hills have been delineated.

THE *Cape Monthly Magazine* for August contains an article on the meteorology of South-Eastern Africa.

THE American Polar exploring vessel *Jeannette* sailed from Onalaska on August 6 for St. Michael's, where she was to complete her outfit for the Arctic regions.

THE *Levant Herald* mentions that the annual ten days' fair of St. Peter has lately been held at Livno, one of the most important towns on the western border of Bosnia. From its position on the high road into Dalmatia a great deal of traffic and merchandise passes through it, together with large quantities of cattle. This fair, to which goods from Austria and Constantinople are brought by the various merchants, is attended by great numbers of people from Serajevo, Travnik, Varzar, Skopje, Duvno, Glamoc, and all along the Dalmatian border. Forty large booths are erected in the main street, and rented during the fair by the foreign merchants, who offer for sale English cotton and printed goods, silks from Saxony and Austria, shawls from Venice, wood, glass, and leather work from Vienna, and Turkish saddlery. The neighbouring towns, too, send their local wares, and the peasants for many miles round bring the products of their domestic industry. The cattle fair is a large one, generally attracting about 2,000 horses, 2,000 sheep and goats, 1,000 cattle, and a great number of pigs. Livno is also at this period the centre of a considerable trade in wool. Other fairs are held during August and September in Travnik, Jajce, Gornji-Vokuf, Duvno, and Grahova, but none equal that of Livno in size and importance.

A CORRESPONDENT of the same journal writes from Bushire:—

"It is worthy of remark that within the last seven years the Turks have gradually extended their dominions in Arabia. They have conquered the maritime town of Kuteef from the Wahabee Ameer of Nejed, as also the inland city of Lhasa, not very remote from Riadh, his capital. The

whole coast from Kovail to El Bida now owns Turkish authority. Some risings on the part of conquered tribes were attempted last year, but have been suppressed by the Turks. Bands of ill-disposed Bedouins, however, occasionally make piratical attempts upon coasting vessels. The Turkish Government is increasing its squadron in these waters, with a view to the repression of such irregularities, but the general police duties of the Gulf must, as heretofore, be performed mainly by British cruisers."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE new number of the *International Review* has more than one article that commends itself to the English reader of taste. Mr. T. S. Perry contributes a paper on "Recent Criticism of Lord Byron;" Mr. Philip Hamerton the first part of a Study of Rubens; and Mr. Andrew Lang a paper on Bibliomania in France. We need not deal with Mr. Perry's paper any further, though it has points of value. Of Mr. Philip Hamerton's we may say that, like much that has proceeded from this fertile and fluent writer, it contains few new facts but much interesting individual and thoughtful comment on facts already known. Moreover, Mr. Hamerton's view of Rubens' character strikes us as a just one. He shows pleasantly how Rubens was an artist in spirit while also a great tradesman in spirit, and he quotes from a very new authority on art a sagacious comparison which shows that a politician may occasionally be a critic. Mr. Lang, if he is not absolutely at his brightest, is certainly at his most sympathetic in his "rambling article" on Bibliomania. It is permitted to a writer to "ramble" when he can ramble so much to our pleasure. Mr. Lang revels in his theme. The names, and more than the names, of all the princely book collectors and estimable printers and noble binders of France are at his fingers' ends. He abounds in story and quaint comment. His paper is much the best on bibliomania that has appeared in recent years, and the study of recent books and much personal experience, we believe, have made him familiar with the latest phases of the pleasant madness—*la douce manie*. If the magazine is read, as no doubt it is read, largely in America, he will bring a host of new collectors into the market, and some of them will have both the valour and the means to grapple "at Christie's"—Mr. Lang means "Sotheby's"—with those "children of Israel" of whom Mr. Lang affects to be afraid.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is contributing a series of articles to the *Journal of the National India Association* (O. Kegan Paul & Co.), entitled, "Can we Educate Education in India to Educate Men?" By this somewhat clumsy heading she means to convey that the chief object of our educational system, or rather of our administration generally, should be to implant a higher standard of duty in the minds of the natives. In the treatment of her subject she allows herself a wide latitude, but it must at least be admitted that she has studied with much effect the official reports that are available. With regard to education proper in Bengal, it may be interesting to quote some of her statistics. The present system of primary instruction in that province dates from the government of Sir George Campbell, who extended the principle of grants-in-aid to the *pathshalas*, or village schools. In 1871-72 the total number of schools under the Education Department was only 2,719, attended by 73,998 pupils. By 1878-79, or within seven years, the number of schools had risen to 26,191, and the number of pupils to 725,000, showing an increase in each case of nearly tenfold. In the last year the total expenditure amounted to £132,700, of which the people themselves contributed £91,600, or more

than two-thirds. We doubt whether any other country can exhibit such favourable progress. The population of European Russia (65,700,000 souls) is almost equal to that of Bengal (66,800,000). In Russia, in 1875, the total number of pupils was returned at 942,000, being an average of 14 per thousand, while the last figures given above for Bengal show an average of 11 per thousand. It may be remarked that in Germany the proportion rises to as high as 152 per thousand, while in Great Britain in 1876 it was only 83 per thousand.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople: Sept. 6, 1879.

I was present yesterday at a ceremony which is not likely to be repeated much longer, if we may trust the old prophecy according to which the Turkish empire would begin to decay under one Hamid and come to an end under another. Once a week the Sultan goes in state to one of the many mosques of Constantinople, and thereby assures his subjects that he is still alive and a free man. For some time past the chosen mosque has been a small private one at Beshiktash, close to the palace which the Sultan is at present occupying, and not far also from the prison-house of the ex-Sultan Murad. The mosque stands on the east side of a small square, the northern side of which is formed by the entrance into the palace. I found the square already filled with troops and military bands, whose appearance was certainly better than might have been expected considering that they have received no pay for the last forty-two months. One regiment consisted entirely of negroes. A large and motley crowd hovered on the edge of the troops, including costumes and nationalities from all parts of the world. First of all came a few "Europeans" in carriages, the English tourist, of course, in his white *pagari*, showing himself in the foreground. Just in front of me crouched a party of women whose hands bore the sacred mark that stamped them as Christian pilgrims from Jerusalem. Behind me towered a tall handsome Circassian, his breast lined with a double row of powder-flasks and weapons, which looked like a series of miniature organ-pipes. Now and then an excitable Greek would push past me and on through a group of half-clad refugees who had come for a glimpse of the Commander of the Faithful. Beyond them, in the sun and dust, might be seen swarthy Turks playing with children with a broad grin of good-nature on their faces; or a knot of veiled women with silk cloaks and dyed finger-nails; or a grave and solemn Osmanli of the old school who still preferred the turban to the now almost universal fez; or again, a sun-burnt Egyptian merchant in robe of pink silk, his arm touching that of a sharp-visaged Armenian; or yet again, an Arab in white turban and long-flowing scarlet gown side by side with a negro from the Soudan or a Moor from Tunis. A weary hour went by, and at last signs began to appear that the Sultan had finished his coffee—unless even the Khalif has to forego this luxury during the fast of Ramazan—and was about to proceed to his devotions. First of all, water-carts laid the dust between the entrance of the mosque and that of the palace; then a black carpet was laid upon the steps of the mosque; and finally a trumpet was sounded. In an instant, the soldiers seized their weapons and rushed to their places, the centre of the square presenting a curious scene of *pelle-mêle* confusion for two or three seconds. Then the *cortège* of the Sultan slowly made its way through the gate of the palace, brilliant with gold and decorations, but all on foot except the Sultan himself, who rode on a white horse with a saddle-cloth of gold. Close around him pressed his Circassian body-guard with drawn swords,

and the anxious expression on his dark fallow face betrayed plainly the hourly fear of assassination in which he lives. Amid three *vivats*, not from the crowd, but from the soldiers and courtiers, he mounted the steps of the mosque, kissed his hand twice to the people, and disappeared; and the pageant was over.

Thanks to the kindness of Sir Henry Layard and the courtesy of Dr. Déthier, the director of the museum, I have been allowed to examine the antiquities deposited in the Imperial Museum. Unfortunately, they have lately been removed from the Church of St. Irene, in which they were formerly placed, to the Chinili Kiosk, and, as the Turkish Government cannot afford to pay for assistants, a good many of them still remain in the cases in which they were packed. Consequently, I was unable to see the Babylonian inscription, noticed and translated by Mr. George Smith, which describes the construction of the great court in the Temple of Bel. The objects already unpacked, however, include many of great interest, among them being a large collection of antiquities from Cyprus and Hissarlik. The large stone figure discovered by Gen. di Cesnola at Amathus, where it had once served as a fountain, is most remarkable, as it is an exact copy of the figure of Izdubar holding a lion in his hands found on archaic Babylonian cylinders and afterwards reproduced by Assyrian artists. The gold objects found by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik are equally remarkable, and the workmanship of some gold plates on which flowers are represented, and which form part of a necklace, seemed to me superior to that of any of the gold ornaments in the South Kensington Museum. A stone seal found by Dr. Schliemann on the same spot also attracted my attention. A rude figure of a horned animal is engraved upon it in the same style of childish art as the animals on the well-known terra-cotta discs; below its mouth are two lines which may be intended to represent food, but may equally be the Cypriote character *go*. If so, we cannot help being reminded of the Sanskrit *gaus* and Greek *βοῦς*. Among the Greek antiquities preserved in the museum may be noticed, besides some archaic figures, a charming male figure in bas-relief from Pella in Macedonia; a mortuary inscription from Salonica, in which the proper names *Victoria* and *Secundus* are written $\Phi\iota\kappa\tau\omicron\pi\iota\alpha$ and $\Sigma\epsilon\kappa\upsilon\nu\delta\omicron\varsigma$; and the famous inscription from Crete, relating to the Drerians, which has been edited by Dr. Déthier in the *Transactions* of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, vol. xiii. (1864). In it the name of Aphrodite is once written ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΑΝ . The fragment from the mausoleum formerly possessed by the museum has been presented by the Sultan to the British Museum.

Perhaps the most interesting remains in the museum are a series of sculptures in stone from Darfur. The style of art is at once peculiar and barbaric, and reminds one of Mexico; the scenes represented are numerous and varied. Thus an ostrich-hunt is depicted on one stone, the cutting of a bunch of grapes on another, while a third introduces us to a kitchen where three human heads appear somewhat significantly on a larder. In some instances blank spaces are filled up by rosettes, as in Assyro-Babylonian art. One of the stones has on the side the word ISISVAI (*Isila* or *Isikla*) in Roman letters.

The French school at Athens continues its work with unabated vigour. Hardly have M. Homolle's excavations in Delos been finished, when new excavations have been commenced in Samos by M. Paul Girard, a young pupil of the school. M. Girard has just set to work at Cape Colonna, the ancient Poseidon, on the east side of the island, and has already brought

to light some of the remains of the Temple of Hère.

I had the pleasure of travelling to Constantinople in the company of Prof. Sachau, who has been commissioned by the Prussian Government to spend a year in exploring Mesopotamia and the neighbouring countries in quest of MSS., coins, and similar antiquities. We came across one another in the museum at Pesth, which, by-the-way, contains two relics of the highest value and interest. These are a brown vase and bowl inlaid with silver and gold, and bearing representations of Egyptian deities, symbols, and ornaments as modified by Phœnician art. The workmanship is extremely fine. Unfortunately, I could not ascertain the exact locality in which these curious memorials of Phœnician trade were found, and could only obtain the vague assurance that "they were discovered in Hungary." A. H. SAYCE.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BERGERAT, E. *Théophile Gautier: Entretiens, Souvenirs et Correspondance*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
COTMAN, J., et P. LUIST. *Antiquités monumentales de la Normandie*. 1^{re} Livr. Paris: A. Lévy. 5 fr.
EWARD, A. C. *Representative Statesmen: Political Studies*. Chapman & Hall.
HENDERSON, W. *My Life as an Angler*. Satchell, Peyton & Co. 21s.
PULONER, D. *Les anciennes Eglises byzantines de Constantinople*. 3^e et 4^e Livr. Wien: Lehmann & Wentzel. 8 M.
STREATFIELD, F. N. *Kafirland: a Ten Months' Campaign*. Sampson Low & Co. 7s. 6d.
TOURNIX, M. *Prosper Mérimée: ses Portraits, ses Dessins, sa Bibliothèque*. Paris: Charavay. 6 fr.
TREZZA, G. A. *Alcanti, Epistolario*. Verona: Drucker & Tedeschi. 4 L.
VIVIAN, A. P. *Wanderings in the Western Land*. Sampson Low & Co. 13s.

History.

- BERTIN, E. *Les Mariages dans l'ancienne Société française*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
DUPUIS, J. *Journal de Voyage et d'Expédition, 1872-73, L'Ouverture du Fleuve Rouge au Commerce, etc.* Paris: Challamel aîné. 15 fr.
HAYMERLE, A. *Ritter v. Italicone res.* Wien: Seidel. 4 M.
MACRAY, W. D. *Gleanings from Bodleian MSS.* I. Parker. 1s. 6d.
MACRIDES, G. *Guerre russo-turque, 1877-78. Procès de Suléiman Pacha*. 3^e T. Constantinople. 6s.
MIKLOVICH, F. *Ueb. die Wanderungen der Rumunen in den Dalmatischen Alpen u. den Karpaten*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 20 Pf.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- HIDER, A. V. *Cerianthus membranaceus Hains*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 20 Pf.
JANET, P. *La Philosophie française contemporaine*. Paris: C. Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
LEITZ, H., u. M. WALDNER. *Untersuchungen ü. die Lebermoose*. 5. Hft. Die Anthocoroten. Graz: Leuschner. 11 M. 20 Pf.
NETTER, A. *De l'Intuition dans les Découvertes et Inventions*. Strassburg: Treuttel & Würtz. 2 M. 60 Pf.
REICH, E. *Die Fortpflanzung u. Vermehrung d. Menschen aus dem Gesichtspunkte der Physiologie u. Bevölkerungslehre betrachtet*. Jena: Costenoble. 12 M.
SCHILDE, J. *Gegen pseudoscientifische Transmutationslehren, ein entomolog. Nachweis irriger Studien zur Descendenztheorie*. Leipzig: Wigand. 2 M. 50 Pf.
STREINDACHNER, F. *Ueb. einige neue u. seltene Fisch-Arten aus den k. k. zoologischen Museen zu Wien, Stuttgart u. Warschau*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 5 M. 50 Pf.
TOULA, P. *Ueb. das geologisch-paläontologische Material zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Säugethiere*. Wien: Braumüller. 2 M.

Philology.

- KVICALA, J. *Studien zu Euripides*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M. 60 Pf.
LEVY, J. *Neuhebräisches u. chaldäisches Wörterbuch ü. die Talmudim u. Midraschim*. 11. Lfg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 6 M.
WEBER, C. *Die Troubadours in provenzalischer Sprache*. Hrg. v. C. A. F. Mahn. 3. Bd. 1. Lfg. Berlin: Dümmler. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PEGASOS.

Settlington Rectory, York: Sept. 15, 1879.

Mr. Murray will, I hope, pardon me if I point out to him that on the well-known mirror in the Louvre the label is *pece* and is applied to the horse, whereas on the Cortona mirror the label reads *pakste* (not *pece*, as he has it), and is manifestly intended by the artist to refer, not

to the horse, but to the rider. Now Deecke has shown that, letter for letter, *pece* is the correct Etruscan transliteration of the Greek word *Pegasos* (*Etruskische Lautlehre aus griechischen Lehnwörtern*, pp. 169, 178, 180, 183), whereas *pakste* cannot be obtained from *Pegasos* except by the aid of the Etruscan formative suffix *-te*, which has the same power as the suffix in such words as "Parisian" or "equestrian." To affirm then that on the Cortona mirror the word *pakste* is "the name of the horse" is not only to fly in the face of the evidence afforded by the mirror itself, but philologically is much the same as if we were to say that Parisians are cities, that Sicilians are islands, and that equestrians are horses. ISAAC TAYLOR.

London: Sept. 16, 1879.

In writing to the ACADEMY last week, my object was, while defending an older explanation, to avoid controversy with Mr. Taylor. Had I wished otherwise, the proper course would have been to write to the *Athenaeum*, where his letter appeared. A. S. MURRAY.

SCIENCE.

MARTMANN'S PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

Phänomenologie des sittlichen Bewusstseins. Prolegomena zu jeder künftigen Ethik. Von Eduard von Hartmann. (Berlin: Duncker.)

THE *Phenomenology of the Moral Consciousness* may be briefly described as an analysis of the different sides from which morality has been regarded—a delineation of the various hues which combine to form our ethical conceptions. The work is not intended, the writer himself tells us, to be a system of, but simply an introduction to, moral philosophy; it does not, that is, profess to lay down, except indirectly, a theory of duty, but confines itself to the humbler aim of stating and criticising those principles which, as matter of fact, do guide men in their conduct. It therefore does in some ways for the moral consciousness what Kant did for the intellectual; and the author, accordingly, with a confidence which some few may admire, publishes his *Phenomenology* as *Prolegomena* to every future system of ethics.

The dialectical movement which Hegel found to characterise all thought is that which, in Von Hartmann's analysis, constitutes the distinctive feature of moral progress. Morality, it is the object of his work to show, has passed through a number of successive stages, each of which has been called into existence by the insufficiency of those which went before, and which it at once transcends and absorbs. The first form in which morality presents itself is egoistic hedonism. The will, which is the centre of man as active, seeks invariably after self-gratification; and pleasure is thus immediately the end which the moral faculties place before themselves. But egoism, Hartmann shows at considerable length, is by itself simply natural, and neither moral nor immoral; it provides at most the neutral ground for the development of what is genuinely ethical. Nor does it matter in what guise this egoism veils itself. The egoism which finds its motive not in earthly, but in heavenly happiness is equally incompetent to serve as ground

for moral action. Even if the impossibility of attaining earthly happiness make hedonism swing round into cynicism, or issue in self-mortification, or a negation of will, such as Schopenhauer advocated, morality is equally left without an adequate basis. Egoism is thus bankrupt. But the insufficiency of selfish hedonism does not at once lead the mind to genuine morality. Defeated in its attempt to make self the standard of its conduct, it seeks in some other, whether priest, father, or statesman, the rule which shall regulate its action. But, it need scarcely be said, this reference to an external authority is not morality. Such heteronomous morality possesses educational value, but it is in itself mere legality. True morality is only reached when the moral code becomes autonomous.

The pseudo-morality of egoism and heteronomy thus passed, Hartmann enters on what he considers the genuinely moral consciousness. But this genuine morality does not present itself at once full-formed. We meet with it first of all as a morality of taste (*Geschmacksmoral*), in which the beautiful takes the place of good, and Ethics is subordinated to Aesthetics. Such an aesthetic view of life finds expression in a great many subordinate forms. It appears, for instance, in Aristotle's conception of the mean, in the conception of a harmony as portrayed individually by Plato or universally by Clarke, in Wolf's morality of perfection or Goethe's artistic fashioning of life. But, of course, this aesthetic conception of morality proves insufficient. Indispensable as an ornament to ethics, it is purchased at the price of energy of character, and its principle of taste forces us inevitably by its very subjectivity to seek some more authoritative principle. But the moral consciousness does not immediately proceed to a morality of reason; it passes through an intermediate stage—the morality of sentiment and feeling (*Gefühlsmoral*). It is, in fact, in feeling that the moral consciousness has found itself most frequently at home; witness the tendency to identify morality with self-respect, the sense of remorse, the impulse to retaliation, sociality, sympathy, devotion, loyalty, love, and the sentiment of duty. But even the sentiment of duty itself only shows us the necessity of rising above the emotional standpoint in morality. Duty, it is true, cannot be psychologically active unless it be connected with an inclination or an impulse; but as a sentiment it is powerless, because devoid of foundation; it has in itself nothing which can determine what is to be recognised as obligatory.

The morality of reason, to which at once the morality of taste and that of feeling have led us, brings forward into consciousness those principles which have hitherto been present as unconscious elements. Again we have to note a number of subordinate stages through which this principle of reason passes. It exhibits itself as truth (so fancifully grasped by Wollaston), as liberty and equality, as moral freedom in its various senses, as order, as justice, as equity, and as the moral principle of the end. It is with this teleological view of morals that the

true pinnacle of the moral consciousness is reached. But the end in question is not to be taken in any selfish or individual acceptation. Instead, it must be interpreted in terms of the Hegelian philosophy. "It was Hegel's splendid conception of teleology as a cosmical development through the impulse of an immanent objective reason that was first enabled to overcome the subjective one-sidedness of the Kantian conception of the teleological principle, and so develop it into its objective truth." The end, it follows, which morality must put before itself is no greatest happiness of the greatest number—culture has always rested on minorities, and will do so as long as history continues—but an order of the world such as Hegel has formulated. And the duty, therefore, of the individual must be to make the unconscious ends of existence the conscious ends of his personal activity.

This result will, no doubt, "scandalise" some readers, but the real value of Von Hartmann's bulky volume lies not so much in its positive conclusions as in its negative and critical discussions. We may object to the order in which the moral principles are stated, and disown the final outcome of the analysis, but we can hardly fail to recognise the completeness of the analysis itself, or the acuteness of the criticism with which it abounds. And just because it is this negative side which constitutes in great part the value of the volume, it will probably be less popular at the same time as it is possessed of more intrinsic merits than some other of Von Hartmann's writings. At the same time it should be noted that the work is not without its popular elements. Jesuitism, Social Democracy, and France are freely used to point a moral in the writer's pages. And the advocates of women's rights and female education may open the book almost anywhere in order to light upon a violent denunciation of their proposals to invert nature for the sake of one who can never be more than "a moral parasite of man."

EDWIN WALLACE.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

The Student's Text-Book of Electricity. By Henry M. Noad, F.R.S. New edition. (Crosby Lockwood and Co.) The new edition of this well-known text-book has been edited and revised by Mr. W. H. Preece, who has added an Introduction, and several chapters of new matter. The general features of the book remain the same as before. The additions relate to Electric Telegraphy, the Electric Light, and the Telephone and Microphone. The new batteries are discussed, and the processes of duplex and quadruplex telegraphy. The work contains everything that the student can require; it is well illustrated, clearly written, and possesses a good index. It deserves to retain the position among works on electricity which it has so long enjoyed.

Report of the Forty-Eighth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Held at Dublin in August, 1878. (Murray.) It is much to be hoped that the reports of the Association—large and bulky volumes though they be—will be issued with greater punctuality. A slight improvement has been made this year; but, formerly, the report of one year made its appearance only a

short time before the next meeting. This unnecessary delay detracted very much from the value of some of the memoirs, and lessened the value of everything that the work contained. We hope the new assistant-secretary will strive to remedy this state of things. A good deal of work was done at the Dublin meeting. An able address was delivered by Mr. Spottiswoode, a number of reports on the state of science were presented to the different sections, and a fair number of original memoirs were read. Among the reports, there is one which expresses the opinion of a committee appointed to estimate the cost of constructing Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machine, which sets at rest for ever the much-vexed question of the value of such engines. The committee, while expressing the greatest admiration for the ingenuity of the inventor, declares its opinion that, in the present state of the design, no idea could be formed of the strength and durability of such a machine, and that its cost would be expressed "in tens of thousands of pounds at least." Other noteworthy reports are those upon the determination of the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat, the Tides, the Zoological Station at Naples, and the Anthropometric Committee.

Natural History Rambles.—Underground. By G. E. Taylor, F.L.S. *Lane and Field.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood. *The Sea Shore.* By Prof. P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S. *The Woodlands.* By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. (S. P. C. K.) This series of pleasantly written chit-chat books on natural history will help to foster a taste for the subject in young people. They belong to the White's "Selborne" class of books; no one takes a special range of subject, but discusses any object of natural history which may happen to present itself in his rambles in lane, field, or woodland. The books are illustrated, but not abundantly.

Mechanics. By Robert Stawell Ball, LL.D., F.R.S. London Science Class-Book Series. (Longmans.) A judiciously arranged text-book, which will be found very serviceable for the upper forms in schools. Prof. Ball is already well known as a lucid writer on the principles of mechanics, and this small book does not at all detract from his previous reputation in the same direction.

Supplement to a Handbook of Chemical Manipulation. By C. Greville Williams. (Van Voorst.) The author has supplied, in the form of a pamphlet of eighty-three pages, a number of useful addenda to his well-known *Chemical Manipulation*. Many additions have been made to the methods of chemical manipulation since that work first appeared:—New furnaces, appliances for gas analysis and organic analysis, mercury pumps, Bunsen filter pumps, pressure tube operations, and volumetrical processes. New methods have been devised for the determination of boiling points and melting points; also many new processes and reactions have been brought to light by the researches of different chemists in various parts of the world, notably in Germany. Mr. Greville Williams has given a useful résumé of such of these as are likely to be of most service to the practical chemist.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE number of the minor planets steadily increases by new discoveries, and with it increases, not only the great difficulty of keeping them all under the troublesome control of strict calculations, but even the comparatively small difficulty of deciding whether a planetoid which an observer may come across is a new or an old one. For several of the old ones have escaped control and require re-discovery. No. 77, Frigga, has been searched for in vain for many years, though it had come twelve times in opposition

since its discovery by Prof. Peters at Clinton, N.Y., in November 1862. During the first apparition the discoverer secured nine observations extending over three months, and in April 1864 it was observed three times at Berlin, so that the computed orbit seemed to rest on a tolerably good foundation. From the fact that during at least three of the apparitions Peters has searched with carefully-prepared charts without finding any trace of the planet, he is led to suspect some kind of variability of light-reflecting power, either atmospheric or arising from the shape. In his communication of the observations of the first apparition, Peters had already called attention to the remarkable whiteness of the light with which Frigga was shining, and that the image, though but a luminous point of the thirteenth magnitude, presented a certain neatness; and this was very striking in comparing the planet on the same evenings, and, therefore, independently of the state of the air, with Perona, which was not far off. Moreover, in 1864, Prof. Tietjen, at Berlin, estimated the magnitude of Frigga to be much larger than had been predicted from the estimates made during the first apparition. The planet, therefore, needs watching, as perhaps it may give us some insight into the physical structure of the planetoids and their atmosphere. And this will now be again feasible, since the planet has been re-discovered. For a planetoid which was found by Peters on July 17, and was at first considered to bring up the number of the flock to 200, has turned out to be the long-lost Frigga. The place of No. 200, thus again vacated, was speedily filled up by Peters himself, on July 28, by the discovery of "Dynamene," and on August 7 Palisa at Pola added No. 201. Some more of the planetoids have been named—No. 182 Elisabeth, No. 193 Ambrosia, No. 196 Philomela, No. 198 Ampella, and No. 199 Byblis, but a number of them are still nameless.

The Origin of our Domestic Animals.—Palaeolithic man, who existed for so long a period in Western Europe during the quaternary age, was probably autochthonous. But at the commencement of the neolithic age, a new civilisation was suddenly introduced, and a new type of man appears on the scene. Neolithic man, with his polished stone implements, brings with him a number of domestic animals—the dog, the goat, the sheep, the ox, the horse, and the pig. By studying the origin of these animals, and determining their ancestral home, light may obviously be thrown upon the source whence the neoliths migrated. Such a study has been undertaken by Prof. Gabriel de Mortillet, who has contributed an interesting paper on this subject to the current number of M. Cartailhac's *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*. Neolithic man, according to Mortillet, came from Asia Minor, from Armenia, and the Caucasus. These, in fact, are said to be the only countries which could have yielded the assemblage of domestic animals and cereals which the neoliths brought with them upon their invasion of South-Western Europe during the Robenhausen period.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

Exempla Codicum Latinorum litteris maiusculis scriptorum. Supplementum continens tabulas LL.—LXII. Ediderunt C. Zangemeister et G. Wattenbach. (Heidelbergae: Koester.) With the present volume Profs. Zangemeister and Wattenbach supplement the series of photographic facsimiles of MSS. which they issued three years ago. In the former volume they gathered together a highly interesting collection, which represented the most ancient extant MSS. in Latin, written in majuscule characters, under which term are included the capital, uncial, and half-uncial

hands. The Supplement before us contains fourteen additional plates selected from twelve codices ranging from the fifth to the ninth century. Perhaps the most interesting plates are those numbered 52 and 53, both of which are taken from MSS. written in the early round half-uncial hand which so nearly approaches to the minuscule character. What is of importance, the date of these MSS. can be nearly ascertained. The first is the famous *Hilary* of the archives of St. Peter's at Rome, which bears a memorandum of revision in the year 509–10. Another page from the same volume has been recently published by the Palaeographical Society. The second MS. is a Biblical commentary in the library of Monte Cassino, in which is a note by a reader in the year 569. It is a very beautiful specimen of the style of writing. No. 54, taken from the great Codex of the Digests in the Laurentian Library of Florence, of the sixth or seventh century, exhibits a strange rough hand having a large admixture of letters formed like minuscules. The lesson to be enforced by such examples is that there always existed, concurrently with the large style of writing which appears in books, a smaller and more cursive hand for ordinary use, which occasionally breaks out, so to say, in the midst of the more formal hand. How long the formal majuscule held its ground is seen in the last plate of the series, which represents a MS. of the early part of the ninth century. The editors of the *Exempla* have earned the gratitude of palaeographers by the valuable work which they have now brought to its completion.

In the last number of the *Rheinisches Museum* (vol. xxxiv., part 3), the most important paper is Usener's "Chronologische Beiträge," an essay which deals at length with the difficult questions connected with the transition from the *ennaeteris* to the Metonic cycle. It is divided into three parts:—(1) The *ennaeteris* and the Metonic cycle at Athens; (2) the number of days in the third decade of the month; (3) the day omitted in the shorter months. Ludwig ("Die Metrische Lebensskizze Pindars") argues that the metrical life of Pindar was written by an imitator of Nonnus, and cannot therefore be later than the fifth century A.D. H. Haupt ("Die Vorgeschichte des Harpalischen Processes") traces the history of the misunderstanding between Demosthenes and Hyperides. Scheer concludes his essay on Lycophron's *Alexandra* with an endeavour to sketch the features of the *codex archetypus* Buecheler has some instructive conjectures. A. Riese publishes for the first time a Middle-Age poem in imitation of Ovid—"Deidamia to Achilles"—and O. Morawski contributes a short paper on Dionysius and Caecilius.

In the *Hermes* (vol. xiv., part 3) Hirzel traces, in a long and elaborate dissertation, the remains of Democritus' treatise *περί εὐθυμίας*. J. Schmidt, in an essay on the *evocati*, endeavours to point out with greater precision than has been done by Marquardt and Lange the difference between the *evocati* of the Republic and those of the Empire. The rest of the number is taken up with short papers by O. Lehmann on the date of the Burney MS. of the *Iliad* (86), by Tiedke on a question connected with the metre of Nonnus, by Niese on the text of Thucydides known to Stephanus of Byzantium, by H. Haupt on the fragments of Dio Cassius, by Niemeyer on Plautus, by C. A. Lehmann on Cicero (part 2), by Wilamowitz-Möllendorf on *Ἀλεκτρώνα*, and by Novati on a catalogue of the dramas of Aristophanes discovered by him in the Ambrosian MS. L. 39 *sup.*

BURSIA'S *Jahresbericht* (1878, 6, 7, and 8) contains reports by Kammer on Homeric literature, by Wecklein (in conclusion) on the Greek

tragedians, by Fritzsche on the Greek bucolic poets, by Baehrens on the Roman epic poets and on Lucilius, by Friedländer on the Roman satirists, by Gerth (in conclusion) on Greek grammar, by Lipsius on Greek antiquities, by Voigt on Roman religious and domestic antiquities, and by H. Jordan on Roman topography.

FINE ART.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE CRIMEA.

Compte-rendu de la Commission impériale archéologique pour l'Année 1876. Par L. Stephani. (St. Petersburg.)

WHEN the news came of gold ornaments innumerable having been found in graves in the Acropolis of Mycenae, and when, on further information, they proved, in most cases, to be of very thin gold, small in dimensions, with designs beaten up in relief, and altogether in the nature of ornaments to be attached to dresses or other articles of personal use, it was recollected that the ancient tombs of the Crimea had from time to time similarly yielded almost countless numbers of gold ornaments made for this same purpose. The use of masks for the dead at Mycenae found an analogy in the mask from a tomb in the Crimea; and when the construction of the so-called Treasury of Atreus was the subject of discussion it was usual to compare it with certain of the tombs of the Crimea. This was in 1876, and at that time it was not known here with what results the Russian authorities had in the previous year (1875) excavated one of the *tumuli* on the gulf of Kertch, called the "Seven Brothers." Specimens of these antiquities are now published, and present a curious likeness to some of the objects from Mycenae.

But, first, as to quantity. This one tomb yielded 301 gold ornaments of the kind just described for attachment to dresses. Each has a design beaten up from a mould—not, however, always from a different mould, since among them all there are only twenty-five distinct types. One of each class is engraved, pl. iii., Nos. 1–25; and in case it should be doubted whether the engravings are in all points correct, it may be mentioned that one of them (No. 3), when compared with an ornament of precisely the same type from the Crimea, but now in the British Museum, is so strictly accurate as to lead to the presumption that the same faithfulness pervades the rest. A plain gold necklace, a rich necklace of gold beads, and a string of gold pearls long enough to go ten times round a neck complete what may be called the treasure of the tomb. It was the grave of a warrior, as could be seen from the armour. A number of his horses had been buried with him.

Then as to the quality. It is obvious that the designs are the work of local goldsmiths, in some cases imitating Greek coins which had found their way thither in commerce. The execution is always very rude, and is accompanied by a distinct preference for animal forms, such as occur on the gems of the Greek islands, with which they have also in common the habit of economising space to the utmost. For example, if a deer were to be figured standing in side view, there would be on an oblong tablet much vacant space left by the extension of its legs and the projec-

tion of its head and antlers. But if it is represented lying down, with its head turned back in front of its shoulder, and its antlers spreading at each side (No. 18), then there is the least possible loss of surface. The animals chosen are mostly the lion, bull, deer, and goat. It is worth while to compare the deer engraved in the *Compte-rendu*, p. 135, with the animal in Schliemann's *Mycenae*, No. 269, where the technical peculiarities are almost identical. The necessity of economising space led to beautiful inventions, as when a cow with her head forced round is made out to be licking her shoulder, or better when she stands looking round at the calf which she is suckling and which fills up the otherwise vacant space under her. These motives are so common that I need not give special references. But I think the artist, if he may be so styled, who made the silver-gilt group, fig. 1, pl. iv., of the *Compte-rendu*, has allowed his zeal for economy to outrun his discretion in one of two ways, because, if he means the deer to be a hind or a doe suckling her fawn, then she ought to have had no antlers, or, having given the creature the magnificent antlers of a stag, he should have spared him this exhibition of a maternal function. It is as well to remember this and many similar mistakes in the minor productions of ancient art which prove that Nature was not a model so much sought after as is generally supposed. Even fabulous animals, such as the gryphon and winged lion, are easily created when the principle of production is nothing more than the combination and adaptation of whatever design may come to hand; and such creatures are common to the antiquities of the Crimea and of Mycenae.

But the Crimean ornaments, while to a degree resembling those of Mycenae in material and form, in the choice of subjects, and in the love of such geometric patterns as the rosette and the much-famed volute, yet differ to a certain extent in the treatment of the human figure. Though exceedingly rude in execution, they succeed in reflecting some of the features of a fairly advanced style of art. Stephani says the fifth century B.C., and he seems to be quite right in this opinion, judging, as he does, not from the ornaments alone, but also from the other antiquities found with them. On this hangs the question whether, with these examples of the work of local goldsmiths at a comparatively late date, it is necessary to place the Mycenae ornaments earlier. However this may be decided, the fact remains that up to now it is the tombs of the Crimea that present the best comparison with the graves of Mycenae. Hitherto, these tombs have claimed no fabulous antiquity, but it is always possible that a new excavator might prove one or other of them to belong to a follower of Orestes. With a little fancy it could be demonstrated admirably.

This would not be a fair notice of Stephani's *Compte-rendu*, if nothing were said of his exhaustive and, at the present moment, most useful disquisition on the Panathenaic vases. Possibly in his thoroughness he takes up too seriously and too minutely some points on which a younger generation lays less stress. Yet, altogether, nothing could be more welcome than his observations, and I may take this opportunity of saying that the various volumes

of his *Compte-rendu* form a mine of learning and criticism which even in extent, not to say value, seems beyond the powers of one man.

A. S. MURRAY.

THE CARICATURIST CHAM.

Paris: Sept. 10, 1879.

The death of Cham was a surprise. We ought to desire for all our friends, but most earnestly for artists who have made the world laugh by their drawing, their book, or their grimace, that they may make their exit from life's stage without infirmities, without any of those signs of oncoming weakness which call forth such commonplace expressions of regret from the lips of the public. Cham lived close to my own airy house on the Boulevard des Batignolles, but in a little dark street in the same quarter, which is like the streets of a country town in the fewness and meanness of their shops and the abundance of little gardens. I often met him "going down into Paris," as the inhabitants of these parts say, who always fancy themselves outside the city gates, although the walls of the outer boulevard have been demolished for the last twenty years. He was very tall and thin. He was always buttoned up in his overcoat like a military man, and wore thick mustachios like an officer. He had a stooping gait, a very gloomy face, and large and piercing eyes. Under one arm he carried a little poodle, which was very proud to tyrannise over the big man; and he always had an umbrella in his hand, which made the baser sort take him for an Englishman.

Cham, in fact, had English blood in his veins from the mother's side. His father was the Comte de Noé, a peer of France under Louis-Philippe, and an amateur, for he died President of the Société des Amis des Arts of Paris. In 1858 the pictures, ancient and modern, drawings, water-colours, engravings, and illustrated books, &c., left by the Comte de Noé were sold at his hôtel in the Rue du Bac. There were some of those excellent pictures by the Little Masters of the eighteenth century, Lantara, Loucherbourg (who worked for a considerable time in England), Pillement, Fragonard, Duplessis, Hubert Robert. They were then sold very cheap, but are now in eager demand. I then divided my time between the studio of the *peintre-décorateur* of the Gobelins, M. Chabal-Dussurgey, and the old schools at the Louvre and the Cabinet des Estampes. I attended this sale with an amateur, whose name is wellknown, M. Lacaze, who showed me one day the marvellous collection which he had resolved to bequeath to the nation. I had the keen and undefinable pleasure of becoming the owner, for a few francs, in the presence of ignorant dealers and heedless amateurs, of a crayon drawing by Van Goyen, representing fishermen on the Scheldt, and a drawing on parchment by Etienne Delaulne, *The School*, a masterpiece of composition by a French master of the sixteenth century who is almost unknown in our country, but whose exquisite and scholarly genius has not escaped Mrs. Mark Pattison in her studies on the Renaissance in France.

It is through the Comte de Noé's sale that I became a collector. And there I learnt that Cham had adopted his pseudonym to escape the curses of his father, who had wished him to adopt a "serious" career and to study with a view to entering the École Polytechnique.

Amédée Charles Henry de Noé, born at Paris, February 26, 1819, frequented as an amateur the studio of Paul Delaroche, and afterwards received advice from Charlet, who was not strictly speaking a caricaturist, but who, by inventing droll scenes and explaining their purport by means of witty letterpress, had gained an influence over the middle classes under the

Restoration akin to that of the song-writer, P. J. de Béranger. Cham's *début*, which took place about 1840, brought him at once into note. It was evident that he could hardly draw at all in the strict sense of the word, but his drawing was comic and his exaggeration was not grotesque. The earliest pieces of his that I can remember were scenes from a soldier's life, carefully lithographed. There were many onslaughts on Abd el Kader, who was constantly represented in Marshal Bujaud's despatches as on the point of being seized by our troops. Next came scenes from garrison life; for instance, a duel between two soldiers' children, aged about five, holding sabres longer than themselves. Philipon, the famous publisher, who has employed one after the other all the caricaturists, good or bad—Daumier, J. J. Grandville, Gavarni, Traviès, Charles Jacque, Vernier, Nadar, E. de Beaumont, and even Gustave Doré—did not neglect Cham. He employed him on *Chariwari*, and more especially on a publication which is now much sought after—the *Musée-Philipon*. Cham illustrated in a very lively style the parodies which were published of Eugène Sue's novels, then at the height of their popularity—*The Mysteries of Paris*, *The Wandering Jew*, &c. This is the place to look for him. He is sometimes as satirical as the text itself, and he always remains a man of the world. It was Philipon who, on receiving his first caricature, advised him to assume the pseudonym which he has ever since retained.

The Revolution of February drove him into the field of politics. He was an aristocrat by birth, but his ties were with the Democratic party. There was seen in 1849, when the reaction was organised, the strange spectacle of a Conservative lending to revolutionaries the arms which in France inflict the most cruel wounds—laughter and assurance. He combined with the journalist Lizeux in bringing out a *Comic History of the National Assembly*, which turned into ridicule, to the great delight of the *bourgeois*, its eminent orators, the President Marrast, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, &c. The text of this volume is not without interest from the historical point of view, as it shows in how small a degree the Republican party in 1848 possessed the feeling of inherent strength which is the result of discipline. But this consideration had no restraining influence upon Cham, whose only desire was to give free scope to his pencil. At a later date, when Louis Napoleon was plotting the *coup d'état*, and when freedom of the press was all but a thing of the past, Cham brought out a satirical paper of his own, *Punch à Paris*. He was unsuccessful, for his intellectual powers were inadequate to perform such a task week by week.

Far from being an ill-conditioned man, Cham had very courteous and affable manners. He had numerous friends in every camp. His epigrams—for such is the proper title for his drawings, which are wholly devoid of artistic value—his illustrated *racontars*, did not pierce his victim's skin very deeply. But they had the gift of iteration, which is a force in political journalism, and he furnished the shop-keeping classes out of working hours with food for conversation. Nay, he often presented the political or social question of the day in an aspect which allowed them to believe that they grasped its significance. In this respect Cham had an influence, and, it must be added, a very bad one. He was one of the representatives of ignorance and fear, the two most formidable vices which are in the very blood of the French *bourgeoisie*. He jested himself, but he taught others to hate. He hindered others from reading, from studying, from attacking with legitimate weapons the books of Prud'hon, of Pierre Leroux, of the whole Socialist school. And thus he paved the way for the events of June

and for the Empire. When an artist concerns himself with politics, if it is not on behalf of the generous side, the philosophical side, we are entitled to treat him with severity. Cham's case is the more singular because within the last few years "*il mangeait à deux râteliers*," to use a French proverb; every Thursday we had a reactionary sketch from him in the *Monde illustré*, on Sunday a very Liberal page on the events of the week in *Charivari*. In a word, he excelled in summing up, in a way that was unexpected and often full of fancy, the most varied events in the world. He had a considerable number of formulae which he never varied. A Turk always had a crescent on his fez. An Englishman always had long legs. His Frenchman of the middle class was a big man with a stiff, upright collar, the type of Joseph Prud'homme invented by Henry Monnier. His scenes never consisted of more than two or three characters. He sketched them in the morning, after reading the papers and before lunch, on sheets of notepaper. On behalf of Lacroix the publisher, *à propos* of the Universal Exhibition of 1867, I commissioned Cham to execute four drawings; one of them—the best, by-the-way—intended to illustrate an article by M^{me}. André Léo on the American colony in Paris, represented the top of an omnibus: at the ends are two passengers, rising and firing their revolvers at one another over the heads of the Parisian passengers, who, not being accustomed to such single combats, are showing their consternation very unmistakeably. I mention these woodcuts because Cham called to thank us, with the assurance that "he had never in his life seen himself so well engraved."

He afforded great amusement by his yearly reviews of the Salons. He was attached to no party. He had a cut at everybody, and, I repeat, with a graceful wit that allowed no one to feel himself seriously aggrieved. His parodies were very exact. Whenever I have to write about a painter who has died within the last few years, I find most valuable materials in Cham's series of Salons, especially in the case of an Academician.

One of his best albums is devoted to the Universal Exhibition of 1862. He had never seen London, or any crush like that which was so noticeable in the hotels, the streets, and the Exhibition building. All may be picked out as the sensations of a Frenchman in England, from the wigs of the official personages at the ceremony of inauguration, which he confounds with the powdered hair of the coachmen, to the "*produits de M. MacAdam*," then unknown on our boulevards.

Cham wrote some vaudevilles, and had them performed. But his peculiar wit was like the perfumes a few drops of which we sprinkle on a handkerchief. It quickly evaporates, and nobody would be so stupid as to think of holding his nose over the bottle for two or three hours at a time. The mere name of one of these pieces represented at the Palais Royal, *Le Serpent à Plumes*, fails to indicate a work of any philosophical import. We had better pass them over altogether. We may speak of him almost in the same terms in which the ancient epitaph speaks of a dancing girl, "*visa est triduo et placuit*"—"he lived his life and he amused." There are so many grave men who have bored their generation and have lived to be very old!

PH. BURTY.

MR. EDWARD BLORE.

So great a change has taken place in the state of architecture in England during the last half-century, and the old state of things seems so remote, that it almost requires an effort to believe that there are yet among us a few men whose reputations were made under it. Such a one was Mr. Edward Blore, whose death was

announced last week. Born ninety years ago, he was contemporary with John Carter and the friend of Thomas Rickman and Sir Walter Scott, and a fellow-worker with them in the study of the arts of the Middle Ages, which prepared the way for the modern Gothic school. He was also one of the first architects who produced any tolerable imitation of the old styles; but, as he retired from practice when the teaching of Augustus Welby Pugin was only just beginning to be sensibly felt, his works must not be judged by a modern standard. They are, however, as far in advance of the barbarisms of James Wyatt as they are behind the best work of the present day. These early efforts at a better state of things are already beginning to have an historical value, and we wish our "restorers" were not in quite such a hurry to get rid of them. The choir fittings and organ screen of Peterborough Cathedral, for example, which are among Mr. Blore's early works of the kind, with all their faults are exceedingly good for their time, and we should be sorry to lose them. The choir fittings at Westminster Abbey, on the other hand, are one of the latest of his works, and were done at a time when better things were possible. But even there the screen is decent, and at least more tolerable than the clipped metal finery at Hereford.

Mr. Blore enjoyed a large practice, and did not confine himself to the Gothic style. Indeed, the idea now familiar to us of men high in their profession who care nothing and, perhaps hardly know anything, of the five orders, would in his time have seemed preposterous. He designed the front of Buckingham Palace and the house at Abbotsford for Sir Walter Scott, and many other important houses. His ecclesiastical work consisted chiefly of alterations. Besides his strictly professional work he was at one time much engaged in the illustration of architectural and antiquarian books, the earliest being *The History of Rutland*, of which his father, Thomas Blore, F.S.A., was author. Plates by him also appear in *Surtees' Durham*, *Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire*, and *Britten's Cathedrals*. In 1826 he published his one book *The Monumental Remains of Noble and Eminent Persons*, which contains thirty plates of ancient monuments, and must always remain a valuable work. Mr. Blore was for fifty-five years a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He was also F.R.S., and had the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE destruction of Haworth Church commenced on Monday last, and soon the quaint structure endeared to so many pilgrims by its memories of the Brontë family will become a thing of the past, and its place be occupied by a specimen of nineteenth-century Gothic. It is said that the feeling in the neighbourhood was decidedly adverse to the demolition of a structure which, if neither venerable nor beautiful, was rendered sacred by its associations with the three gifted women who have made Haworth famous. An immense crowd attended the final services in the church on Sunday last, and among them were many who cherished with affectionate pride little reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë and her relatives.

THE *Building News* publishes Mr. Street's design for the slab to be placed over the grave of Sir Gilbert Scott in the nave of Westminster Abbey, and we regret to find it unworthy alike of the reputation of its designer and of the place it is to occupy. The idea of the design savours strongly of the fifteenth century, but the working out of it is in that strange perversion of the thirteenth-century manner with which the "metal workers" have made us but too familiar. The middle of the stone is taken up by a large brass cross, at the foot of which is a

niche with a seated figure of the deceased in a fancy costume. At the side of the cross are figures of St. Thomas and St. George—his *avoures*, we suppose—and above these are two labels, one bearing the word *Sperandum*, the exact force of which we fail to see. Above these, again, are two shields, the first bearing masons' tools and the other left for family arms. Surrounding all this is a double margin of brass containing the inscription and scroll-work, and at the corners are niches with tradesmen at work after the fashion which the tile-makers and decorators have repeated *ad nauseam* for the last dozen years. Outside the brass is another border wrought in the marble, which is the best part of the design.

WE have received from the Autotype Company four studies from nature by Richard Elmore. They form the first part of a work entitled *Liber Naturae*, which is to be continued quarterly. The views in the present number are all taken in North Wales, and represent the mountain and lake scenery of that district under various atmospheric effects, which are finely rendered in Mr. Elmore's drawings. These have been made in monochrome expressly for the purpose of reproduction, and are printed in a rich sepia tint with excellent effect. They would form good subjects for wall decoration, as they require to be seen at a little distance for their contrasts of gloom and brightness to be properly felt.

WE learn from the *Scotsman* that steps are being taken for the proper preservation of St. Margaret's Stone, which stands on the public highway between Dunfermline and North Queensferry. It is to be placed on an erection consisting of an ashlar stone seat, measuring ten feet long by two feet broad, above which there will be a support bearing an inscription giving the traditional history of the stone, which is that it formed the resting-place of St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, on her frequent journeys between Edinburgh and Dunfermline.

THE second number of Mr. Thomas W. Cutler's *Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design* (Batsford) is as beautiful as the first. The third part is promised in October, and the fourth and concluding part before the end of the year. We are glad to see that with the latter will be published introductory and descriptive letterpress. When this appears we hope to notice the work more fully.

WE have received several numbers of *The Young Artist* (Murby), containing some simple and well-executed studies for beginners.

MR. HENRY WILLETT has sent us what he modestly, but correctly, calls an "introductory and imperfectly descriptive" catalogue of his fine collection of pottery and porcelain now in the Brighton Museum. Beside the English china, which has been selected mainly for the illustration of national feeling, history, and customs, the collection contains some fine specimens of Oriental (including Persian) ware, but the catalogue at present does not do justice to one or the other.

A PAPER on "The Old Stone Mill at Newport—Construction versus Theory" appears in the September number of the *Magazine of American History*, and is thus criticised in the *Nation* of September 4:—

"The writer, Mr. George C. Mason, jun., made a careful survey of this building last October, with a firm belief in the theory advanced by the late Mr. Hatfield in *Scribner's*, viz., that the mill was the remains of a Norman baptistery. We pointed out at the time what we considered the weak points in Mr. Hatfield's argument, and our objections are fully confirmed by Mr. Mason, who convinced himself that the fireplace and windows are part of the original construction, and discovered that, besides the first floor above the arches, a second floor

existed, connected by a flight of stairs with the lower, as is shown by the holes left to receive the ends of the treads. Into the technical evidence advanced in support of these statements we cannot go far, but it is conclusive. The fireplace was found to have two flues, one in each corner, which seems most improbable as an after-thought; besides which the southern flue is perfectly pargeted with a mortar identical with that used in the construction of the piers, and with mortar used in the dwelling-house and tomb of Governor Arnold, the owner of the mill. This personage, who owned a so-called Leamington Farm, had resided in England not far from the Leamington (Warwickshire) Mill, of which the shape is circular, and the construction (upon arches) as like that of the Newport structure as cut stone can resemble rubble. It is suggested that the latter may have been built to replace the wooden windmill blown down in 1675. Mr. Mason furnishes diagrams and elevations to enforce his points, and his paper is so creditable to his professional acuteness that one almost regrets it did not appear in the *American Architect*."

A MEMORIAL window has just been placed in the church at Bromham, where the poet Moore, his widow, and three of his children are buried. The subject is the Last Judgment, and the artist is Mr. W. H. Constable, of Cambridge.

A NATIONAL School of Art Wood-Carving has been established with a view of encouraging, or rather reviving, the greatly neglected art of wood-carving in this country. The committee, who were greatly aided by the Society of Arts and the Drapers' Company, engaged an eminent Florentine wood-carver, Signor Bulletti, and opened a school last year at 3 Somerset Street, Oxford Street, with the assistance of Mr. Donaldson. The Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have now placed an excellent room in the Royal Albert Hall at the disposal of the school, and the Drapers' Company have given a further grant, with which the committee are enabled to provide for the instruction of twelve free students. Candidates for free studentships are selected from persons of the industrial class who are intending to earn their living by wood-carving; other students are admitted to the day classes of the school on payment of £2 a month or £5 a quarter, and to the evening classes on payment of 15s. a month or £2 a quarter. For particulars, applications should be addressed to Mr. Healey, National School of Art Wood-Carving, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, S.W.

THE Pacca edict, by which a tax of twenty per cent. is levied on all antiquities taken out of Italy to foreign countries, has again been put in force by the Minister of Public Instruction, whose aim it is to restrict the traffic that goes on in this kind of works.

A THOROUGH system of water supply in case of fire is now being completed in the Louvre. This important work was begun in 1876, but has been neglected for some years. Now, however, water pipes have been carried along most of the galleries, with taps at regular intervals, and a complete apparatus of buckets, &c. The pressure of water from a reservoir at the top of the building is said to be great enough to allow of a complete inundation of any of the galleries in a few seconds.

KRACKER, the celebrated engraver on copper, died near Munich on the 1st inst., in his fifty-sixth year.

THE fifty-third exhibition of the Royal Academy of Berlin was opened on August 31. The number of works exhibited only amounts to 879, for the jury this year have been very severe in their exclusions. In consequence of this, the general average of merit is stated to be higher than in former years, but still no work of striking power is to be found. Landscape, as usual, predominates; then come *genre* and *portrait*. Religious and historical subjects are scarcely represented, there being only twenty pictures that can in any way be classed under

these heads, and of these several are merely military *genre*-paintings—scenes from the Franco-German war. Historical painting would seem, indeed, to be at a very low ebb in Germany just now, for at a meeting of the German Association of Historical Painters lately held in Munich only one of the pictures sent in by the members was deemed worthy of high praise. This was a painting of Savonarola preaching, by L. von Langenmantel, which was purchased by the association.

THE triennial Exhibition of Fine Arts at Antwerp is open this year. The artists of Antwerp form a small school or *coterie* of themselves apart from those of Brussels and the rest of Belgium. At the head of them stand the veteran painter Brackeleer and the clever animal-painter Charles Verlat. The influence of both these masters is clearly seen in the works of the younger painters who contribute to the present exhibition.

WE have already mentioned that it is expected that Cologne Cathedral, which has been 631 years in building, will be absolutely finished next year. Nothing now remains to be done but to place the massive stone caps of the two great towers, and to fix the huge crosses that surmount the whole. But this is all very difficult and dangerous work, and, though the scaffoldings have now been carried to the top of the towers, it is still possible that the prediction against the completion of this magnificent edifice may be fulfilled.

ONE of the most interesting things in the new number of the *Gazette Archéologique* is the engraving (pl. 19, fig. 2) of a small disc of silver with a relief representing the birth of Aphrodite from the sea in a manner which strikingly illustrates the description of that scene as rendered by Pheidias on the base of the statue of Zeus at Olympia. Aphrodite, inscribed retrograde ΤΙΔΟΡΦΑ, is about three-quarters out of the sea, with her back towards Eros, who, on the left, stoops from a rock to lift her with his hands under her shoulders, as Pausanias says, ἐκ θαλάσσης Ἀφροδίτην ἀνοίσαν ὑποδεχόμενος (v., 11, 8). Her head is thrown back as if in half-unconsciousness; a piece of drapery extends from one hand to the other. The group of Pheidias was completed by a figure of Peitho on the right crowning Aphrodite. The relief of the silver disc may be considerably later than his time, but there seems to be nothing against its having been derived through careful copying from his original design. The conventional rendering of the sea, the wet drapery, the hair both of Eros and Aphrodite, the attitudes, and, to some extent, the forms are what would be expected in a small copy from a work of the time of Pheidias. Apparently, there is no explanatory text published with the engraving.

THE *Fanfulla della Domenica* gives an interesting account of the preparations going on at Monte Cassino for the centenary of the founder of the abbey, St. Benedict of Norcia, which is to be celebrated next year. A band of Benedictines from the suppressed monastery of Beuson, in the principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, have taken refuge at Monte Cassino, and are engaged on a series of frescoes which are said to possess great artistic merit and originality. The subjects are taken from the Apocalypse, and the history of the saints is treated in a novel and imposing style. The *Fanfulla's* correspondent assures us that the mixture of Egyptian, Etruscan, and Pompeian elements with the manner of Fra Angelico and later schools produces a most singular and impressive effect, that draughtsmanship and execution are alike excellent, and that the general effect is that of colossal illuminations. The predominance of red, black, and blue backgrounds, the tone of the flesh, and the quantity of gold employed in the *nimbi* and ornamental

designs are well adapted to the mystical character of the compositions. Great activity reigns in every department of the huge monastery, and it is expected that scholars and artists will form a large contingent of the army of pilgrims flocking to the centenary.

M. HEUZEY closed his recent course on archaeology at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts with two lectures on Greek costume, in which he made use of a model for purposes of illustration.

DR. W. H. ROSCHER is engaged on a manual of Greek mythology.

THE *Nation* states that "under favouring circumstances the Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle may be expected to arrive at New York by the end of the present year. Already the ponderous constructions for lowering and embarking it, specially manufactured at Trenton, have been shipped to Alexandria via Liverpool, while the able naval commander who has, at his own request, been detailed for the work and has designed the means that will be employed is now on his way to Trieste in quest of the timber necessary for blocking, beds, and ties. Unlike its sister obelisk, the Needle will be brought over in the hold of a steamer, into which it will be introduced through the bow port; the listing of the vessel being overcome by careening-lighters prepared for heaving down on the opposite side, and its sinking under these combined weights being neutralised by pumping out the water-ballast compartments. The operations of unloading and of erecting the obelisk in New York will be the reverse of loading and lowering, and will be effected by precisely the same apparatus. The name of the public-spirited citizen who has guaranteed the expense of transportation is as yet a profound secret, but it is well understood that, for obtaining the gift of the obelisk from the late Khedive—an act confirmed by his successor—as well as securing the money for its removal, the city is indebted to the persistent efforts of Mr. Hurlbert, editor of the *World*."

MUSIC.

Hymns of Praise and Prayer. Collected and edited by James Martineau, LL.D., D.D. With Tunes. (Longmans.)

THE remarkable renewal of vitality and energy in matters of Church discipline displayed within the past thirty or forty years has had its due effect on hymnology, and new editions and collections of lyrics for use in places of worship of all denominations have been issued in an ever-increasing stream. The influence of the High Church movement has resulted in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, with sundry imitations of no particular moment; while Evangelical circles, whether within or without the pale of the Establishment, have felt and profited by the wave of aestheticism which has lately swept over the farthest confines of the ecclesiastical world. But we have now to take account of a new movement, the supporters of which decline to identify themselves with any special form of belief, being strongly influenced by the teachings of modern science, though at the same time shrinking from the black abyss of simple materialism. The professors of this colourless Christianity are ready to accept anything so long as it does not partake of the nature of a definite statement. They have put their hands to the plough of free investigation, but they look back yearningly to the promises held out by orthodoxy. This singular school of thought—of the logical basis of which this is not the place in which to offer an opinion—has one of its ablest champions in James Martineau.

In his preface to the present volume Dr. Martineau explains the necessity for the revision of an earlier work, *Hymns for the*

Christian Church and Home. Religious opinion, under the influence of scientific teaching, is becoming more and more vague and indefinite; and, with those who still feel a necessity for some kind of higher aspiration, objective systems are rapidly giving place to forms of worship founded on mere human sentiment. This is the sum and substance of the argument, and hence we find the exclusion of hymns having a direct reference to times and seasons of the Christian year, together with those addressed to the Trinity, or to one of the three Persons thereof. It has also been found advisable to make sundry alterations in many of the lyrics herein included. For example, in Lyte's hymn, "Abide with me," the line "Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes" is changed to "Come then in light before my closing eyes." This will sufficiently explain the spirit and tone of the volume. Every allusion to a fundamental doctrine of Christianity is carefully excised, to be replaced by a sentence having no particular meaning, and therefore quite inoffensive. The musical portion is the joint work of Messrs. Russell Martineau, J. T. Whitehead, and Basil Martineau. The principles by which the editors have been guided are ably set forth, and in substance are such as will meet with acceptance from musicians. The rich stores of Lutheran psalmody have been laid under extensive contribution. Coming to English sources, the endeavour has been to avoid all adaptations of whatsoever kind, utilising the creations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while rejecting the meretricious ornamentation in vogue during a long period in this country, when religion and art were suffering a temporary divorce. The original tunes are but few in number, and consist chiefly of compositions by the editors. The harmonisation of the older tunes will open the door to fierce controversy; and here, indeed, we must join issue with Messrs. Martineau and Whitehead. Granted that these tunes are built upon "a very poor stock of chords and modulations," we cannot recognise the necessity for modernisation. Take, for example, the well-known tune, "St. James's;" the triad on the median in the first bar has a particularly harsh effect, and, moreover, is meaningless between dominant and sub-dominant chords. Many other instances of a similar kind might be quoted, but this will suffice. The new tunes composed by Messrs. Russell and Basil Martineau, and by Mr. J. R. Ogden, are generally musicianly and interesting, the only fault to be alleged against them being their elaborate character, which may render them unsuitable for congregational use. Indeed, very grave doubts may be urged as to the practical utility of the present work so far as regards its adoption in church or chapel. But it is exceedingly interesting as a landmark in a period of rapid transition. The journey from the realms of orthodox religion to the domain of simple secularism admits of temporary resting places, and Dr. Martineau invites us to utilise one of them. But this undefinable border-land is scarcely suitable for a permanent sojourn, and the value of such a publication as this book of sacred song can therefore be but transient.

HENRY F. FROST.

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